

Doctor **WHO**

THE DISPOSSESSED

BY MARK MORRIS

THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER McCOY

A time traveller

ACE: SOPHIE ALDRED

The Doctor's companion

MEL: BONNIE LANGFORD

The Doctor's companion

RUCK

(20/M) Homeless, resourceful, brave, loyal. Northern (Manchester/Liverpool) accent.

JAN

(20/F) Homeless, Ruck's friend. Vulnerable, troubled. London accent.

ISOBEL/ALIEN SCOUT/ALIEN DRONE

(40/F) Alien tracker who steals the body and broad Northern speech patterns of a human host. Drone also speaks with Isobel's voice, but more measured with a robotic filter.

ARKALLAX

(65/M) Alien warlord, power-crazed and ruthless, in the guise of an ageing human male.

FOR DOUBLING:

JALFREETH CAPTAIN (one scene)

PASSER-BY (one scene)

WILD TRACKS:

THE OTHERS – Zombie hordes.

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PART ONE

1. INT. COMMAND DECK OF A JALFREETH SPACECRAFT

FX: THE SHIP IS UNDER SUSTAINED AND DEVASTATING ATTACK. DIALOGUE IS SHOUTED OVER A BARRAGE OF NOISE: THE SIZZLING IMPACT OF ENERGY BOLTS; THE CRASH OF FALLING DEBRIS; THE TORTUOUS SHUDDER OF A METAL HULL BEING SYSTEMATICALLY RIPPED APART.

NOTE: BOTH THE CAPTAIN AND ARKALLAX ARE GIVEN FILTERS TO MAKE THEIR VOICES SOUND MORE ALIEN IN THIS SCENE.

JALFREETH CAPTAIN (F.)

Hostile forces incoming, Commander! Multiple positions! They're all around us!

ARKALLAX (F.)

Deploy defence pods! Engage plasma cannons!

FX: BLEEPS AND BURBLES AS BUTTONS ARE PRESSED.

JALFREETH CAPTAIN (F.)

Defence pods ineffective, Commander! Plasma cannons unable to penetrate enemy shields! Pods succumbing to enemy fire!

FX: A SHUDDERING IMPACT AS THE JALFREETH SHIP TAKES ANOTHER DIRECT HIT. AN ALARM BEGINS TO BLARE.

ARKALLAX (F.)

Status report, Captain!

JALFREETH CAPTAIN (F.)

Hull integrity compromised! Defence shields at forty-five Relmar and falling! Life support systems at sixty-one Relmar and falling! Decompression imminent!

ARKALLAX (F.)

Offence options?

JALFREETH CAPTAIN (F.)

Negligible, Commander. Pods... (FEELING THE STRAIN) Pods annihilated. They're all dead.

ARKALLAX (F.)

May their minds join in glory.

JALFREETH CAPTAIN (F.)

(DUTIFULLY) May their minds join in glory.

ARKALLAX (F.)

Defence options?

JALFREETH CAPTAIN (F.)

Limited. Systems failing. We... we should prepare ourselves for glory.

ARKALLAX (F.)

(ROARS) Glory? Succumb to glory in so minor a skirmish? I am Arkallax! The nine galaxies quake at my name!

JALFREETH CAPTAIN (F.)

Nevertheless, Commander. Our options-

ARKALLAX (F.)

(INTERRUPTS DEFIANTLY) Are not exhausted!

FX: ANOTHER DEVASTATING EXPLOSION ROCKS THE SHIP. A SQUEALING RUSH AS OF A HURRICANE TEARING THROUGH THE COMMAND DECK.

ARKALLAX (F.)

(SCREAMING ABOVE THE DEATH-THROES OF HIS SHIP) Engage the Armageddon Protocol!

JALFREETH CAPTAIN (F.)

But Commander, the death toll would be... horrific. Surely in circumstances such as these-

ARKALLAX (F.)

(SCREAMS) I am your commander! You will obey my orders!

JALFREETH CAPTAIN (F.)

Please, Commander, won't you (reconsider)-

ARKALLAX (F.)

Out of my way, fool! I'll do it myself!

FX: SQUEALING METAL, RUSHING AIR, BLARING ALARM, AND THEN, OVERRIDING THIS, A BLEEPING COMPUTER SEQUENCE, FOLLOWED BY... BOOOOOOMMMMM! A MASSIVE EXPLOSION. WHICH FADES...

...TO SILENCE

CUT TO:

2. INT. AN ABANDONED FLAT IN A CONDEMNED TOWER BLOCK

FX: WATER DRIPS. A DOOR CREAKS, THEN CLOSSES GRITTILY. VOICES AND FOOTSTEPS ECHO THROUGHOUT, DENOTING BARE FLOORS AND WALLS.

JAN

(FEARFUL) Ruck?

FX: APPROACHING, ECHOING FOOTSTEPS.

RUCK

Yeah, it's just me. How you doing, Jan?

JAN

Did anyone see you?

RUCK

You know me better than that. I'm the invisible man when I want to be. How've you been?

JAN

I don't like it when you're not here. I get scared.

RUCK

There's nothing to be scared of. I've told you, we're safe here.

JAN

I heard noises.

RUCK

What noises?

JAN

People moving about. Voices. What if it's him, Ruck? What if he's found me?

RUCK

He hasn't. There's no way he could.

JAN

But he's clever, Ruck. And he don't give up. If he don't get his own way...

RUCK

(SOOTHINGLY) He's not here, Jan. Trust me. You'll never see him again. Not if you don't want to.

JAN

But the noises...

RUCK

Just residents. There's still a few of 'em living here. No one's fussed about anyone else, though. That's what's so good about this place.

JAN

They won't knock it down with us in it, though, will they, Ruck?

RUCK

(LAUGHS) Course they won't. Not even the council's that bad. They'll have to rehouse everyone first. That'll take a while.

JAN

How long?

RUCK

I dunno. Couple of months, maybe longer.

JAN

Then where will we go?

RUCK

Let's worry about that when it happens, shall we?
(RAPIDLY CHANGING THE SUBJECT) Hey, look what I got from the food bank!

FX: HE DUMPS A RUCKSACK ON THE FLOOR, WHICH CLANGS AND CLINKS WITH TINS AND JARS. HE REMOVES THE ITEMS ONE BY ONE.

RUCK

Bread. Jam. Soup. And biscuits. We're gonna eat like kings tonight, girl!

JAN

What soup is it?

RUCK

We got a choice. Tomato and lentil or chick-

FX: THERE'S A HUGE PULSING SOUND, DENOTING A FLASH OF LIGHT THEN AN EARTHQUAKE-LIKE RUMBLE AS THE BUILDING SHAKES.

JAN

(SCREAMS) That light! What's happening, Ruck?

FX: AS THE RUMBLE SUBSIDES, PLASTER DUST SIFTING DOWN FOR A FEW SECONDS...

RUCK

Dunno? Earthquake? Bomb?

JAN

(PANICKING) Why's it gone so dark? That light Ruck! I think it did something to my eyes...

RUCK

(PATIENT) Stay calm. It's not just you, everywhere's gone dark. Let me take a look outside.

(FX: GRITTY FOOTSTEPS AS HE CROSSES THE ROOM)

RUCK:

(AWED) Nighttime. I can see stars. And the moon.

JAN

But it's not even four in the afternoon yet.

RUCK

I know. (SUDDENLY SCARED) So how can it suddenly be nighttime?

CUT TO:

3. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM

FX: HUM/THROB OF THE TARDIS INTERIOR.

DOCTOR

Fascinating readings. Don't you think these are fascinating readings, Ace?

ACE

(BORED) Yeah. Fascinating.

DOCTOR

Your enthusiasm overwhelms me. I'm sure Mel would find them fascinating. Where is Mel, by the way?

FX. MEL ENTERS.

MEL

(ENTERING THE CONSOLE ROOM) I'm here, Doctor.

DOCTOR

Ah. Been having a little rest?

MEL

I wouldn't call reading the TARDIS manual a rest exactly...

DOCTOR

I really don't know why you want to bother. I never did. Learn by practice! Much the best way. We'll have another flying lesson later.

ACE:

Try not to crash into any moons.

DOCTOR

I will, if I come close no doubt Mel will step in, she's getting rather good. Anyway, as I was saying, these readings-

FX. HE TAPS A FEW SWITCHES.

DOCTOR

There. Take a look. What do you think?

ACE

I think you're about to poke your nose in.

MEL

(GOOD HUMOURED) Don't we always?

CUT TO:

4. INT. ABANDONED FLAT.

FX: WATER DRIPPING.

JAN

(WHISPERING, URGENT) Ruck! Ruck!

FX: SCRATCHY RUSTLE OF BLANKETS.

RUCK

(SLEEPY) What is it?

JAN

I'm hungry, Ruck. My stomach's rumbling. Can we eat now?

FX: MORE RUSTLING AS RUCK SITS UP.

RUCK

Not just yet. Another couple of hours.

JAN

How much food we got left?

RUCK

Enough for the next few days if we're careful. Then I'll have to go looking again, see what I can scavenge from the flats on the third floor.

JAN

(LONGINGLY) Ice cream. That's what I want.

RUCK

(LAUGHS) You'll be lucky. It's three weeks without power now, freezers are full of nothing but... (BREAKS OFF, GROANS)

JAN

Headache again?

RUCK

Yeah, a bad one.

JAN

Can I get you anything?

RUCK

Could do with some water.

JAN

Hold on...

(FX: SHE SCRABBLES ABOUT)

JAN

Here you go.

FX: RUCK UNSCREWS THE LID OF A PLASTIC BOTTLE, GULPS GREEDILY.

RUCK

Thanks.

JAN

Ruck?

RUCK

Yeah.

JAN

Do you really not think Karl had anything to do with this?

RUCK

(WEARILY) We've been through this, Jan. Course he didn't. How could he have?

JAN

Maybe it's a trap to draw me out. Maybe he's waiting on the other side of that door right now.

RUCK

He isn't, Jan...

JAN

(MOUNTING PANIC) But what if he is? What if-

RUCK

(INTERRUPTING) Jan, stop it! It's not Karl, okay? Karl is a long, long way from here. He won't hurt you ever again. I won't let him. Understand?

JAN

(UNCERTAINLY) Yeah.

RUCK

Okay then. (PAUSE) Do you want some chocolate?

JAN

I thought we couldn't eat yet.

RUCK

Couple of squares of chocolate won't hurt. Just to keep us going. Do you want some?

JAN

(CHILDISH RELISH) Yeah!

FX: RUCK UNWRAPS A CHOCOLATE BAR. BREAKS OFF A COUPLE OF CHUNKS.

RUCK

Here you go.

JAN

Thanks!

RUCK

(SEEING HOW HAPPY SHE IS, NOT WANTING TO DEFLATE OR ALARM HER) How about I get some water boiling, make us some tea? Dunno about you, but I could murder a cuppa.

CUT TO:

5. EXT. A RUN-DOWN CITY SUBURB.

FX. DISTANT SOUND OF TRAFFIC. THE DOCTOR IS WALKING ALONG HOLDING A DEVICE THAT BLEEPs AND BURBLES.

ACE

(OFF BUT APPROACHING; CALLS OUT) Hey, Professor! Wait up!

FX: TWO SETS OF APPROACHING RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ON THE PAVEMENT.

MEL

(PANTING A LITTLE) You weren't sneaking off without us, were you?

DOCTOR

I never sneak.

ACE

(YEAH RIGHT) Yeah, well... where is this place?

MEL

It's a bit grim, wherever it is. Half the houses look empty. Rubbish and graffiti everywhere.

ACE

(SUSPICIOUSLY) It's not Perivale, is it?

DOCTOR

Manchester. Or somewhere close by.

ACE

Knew it was Earth. Only place in the universe where you get that unique stench of urban decay.

MEL

Is this where your 'fascinating' readings were coming from?

DOCTOR

They still are. Look at the energy indicator, Mel. The divergent field-

MEL

(HASTILY, INTERRUPTING) I'll take your word for it.

ACE

I wouldn't wave that thing about round here, Doctor, if I were you. Those kids across the street have already got their beady eyes on it. (SHOUTS) Oi! Bog off, you lot!

MEL

(WARNING HISS) Ace!

ACE

First rule of combat. Always get your retaliation in first.

DOCTOR

Quiet, you two! I'm trying to concentrate.

FX: THE BLEEPS OF THE DOCTOR'S MACHINE RUN TOGETHER, MAKING A WOOP-WOOP SOUND.

ACE

So these readings, Professor... what are they exactly?

DOCTOR

Energy.

ACE

Yes, but what kind?

DOCTOR

I don't know. That's what makes them so fascinating.

MEL

And the whatever-it-is that's radiating this energy is close by?

DOCTOR

According to the navigational tracer, it should be just around this...

FX: THE BLEEPS GETTING FASTER AND FASTER, BUILDING TO A CRESCENDO...

DOCTOR

...corner. (DEFLATED) Oh.

ACE

(HEAVY IRONY) Cosmic.

MEL

It's just wasteland. Nothing but rubble and rubbish.

ACE

So where are these mysterious readings of yours coming from then, Doctor? That knackered old fridge over there? Or that rusty bike frame?

DOCTOR

Appearances can be deceiving.

MEL

Meaning that what we're looking for is invisible?

ACE

(PLAYFUL) Or buried underground? Is that it? Is there a spaceship under that lot? Or an army of robots?

DOCTOR

Tell me this. Why would you surround an area of wasteland with Keep Out signs and barbed wire?

ACE

Redevelopment? Unexploded bomb?

MEL

If it's to stop people dumping rubbish, it hasn't been very successful. (DETERMINED TO LEAVE) Anyway, there's nothing here. We should go.

ACE:

(ALSO A STRONG URGE TO LEAVE) Yeah. I don't like it here. Let's make tracks, Professor.

FX. BOTH ACE AND MEL START WALKING AWAY.

DOCTOR

Come back you two.

FX. ACE AND MEL RETURN.

ACE:

Really can't see the point.

MEL:

The sooner we're out of here the better.

DOCTOR:

Ace, throw a rock over the fence. That fridge you mentioned, do you think you can hit it from here?

ACE

No problem.

FX: CLICK OF STONE AS SHE PICKS UP A ROCK.

ACE

(GRUNTS AS SHE THROWS)

FX: ELECTRONIC 'IMPACT' SOUND OF THE ROCK BOUNCING OFF AN INVISIBLE BARRIER.

ACE

Whoa!

MEL

A force field!

DOCTOR

Well, more accurately, a force field with a built-in perception filter.

MEL

You mean there's something on that wasteland that someone doesn't want us to see?

DOCTOR

Precisely!

CUT TO:

6. INT. ABANDONED FLAT.

FX: WATER DRIPS.

JAN

Do you have to go out?

RUCK

I have to get something for this headache. I won't be long.

JAN

But it's nighttime.

RUCK

Jan, it's always nighttime.

JAN

I mean by my watch. It's nearly nine, look. That's when the Others start wandering about. It's too dangerous to go out now.

RUCK

I have to, Jan. My head's pounding like a drum.

JAN

Please, Ruck. Don't leave me. I couldn't bear it if anything happened to you. I couldn't cope.

RUCK

Nothing's going to happen. I promise. The Others are predictable. I can run rings round them.

JAN

(FEARFUL) Stay safe.

RUCK

Always do.

CUT TO:

7. EXT. WASTELAND

FX: THE DOCTOR'S MACHINE MAKES ALL KINDS OF STRANGE NOISES, SLOWING, SPEEDING UP, BECOMING HIGHER PITCHED, THEN LOWER PITCHED.

(NB: THE DOCTOR, ACE AND MEL'S VOICES SHOULD BE PITCHED UP OVER THE RACKET)

ACE

How much longer, Professor?

DOCTOR

It's simply a matter of finding the right frequency.

ACE

You're gonna antagonize the locals if you keep this up.

MEL

Hey, that's a point. Where is everyone? We haven't seen a soul since Ace yelled at those kids.

ACE

(JOKING) They're cowering in fear. They recognize an alpha female when they see one.

DOCTOR

It's more likely to do with the perception barrier. There's probably an auto-suggestion element built in.

MEL

You mean something that makes people instinctively stay away from the site?

DOCTOR

Exactly. Here be dragons. You two couldn't wait to leave, remember? Ah!

FX: THE MACHINE FINDS THE RIGHT FREQUENCY, SETTling INTO A STEADY RYTHYM. SECONDS LATER THERE'S A CRACKLING, SIZZLING SOUND.

ACE

It's working, Doctor! You're burning through! Opening a portal.

MEL

It doesn't look very stable.

ACE

Better not hang about then. I'm going in!

FX: SHE RUNS AND LEAPS. AN EXTRA FIZZING SOUND AS SHE PASSES THROUGH THE BARRIER.

ACE

Geronimo!

MEL

Ace!

ACE

(FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PORTAL) Gordon Bennett!

MEL

(CALLING) Are you all right, Ace?

(NO ANSWER)

MEL

(SHOUTING) Hang on, Ace! I'm coming through!

FX: SHE TOO RUNS AND LEAPS, FIZZ OF THE BARRIER AS SHE PASSES.

MEL

(YELLS WORDLESSLY AS SHE LEAPS THROUGH)

DOCTOR

(SHOUTING) Ace! Mel!

ACE

(FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PORTAL) We're fine, Doctor. Chuck the tracker thing through, then follow.

DOCTOR

(TO HIMSELF) Oh well. In for a grotsit... (RAISING HIS VOICE) Here I come, ready or not!

CUT TO:

8. INT. MINDSCAPE

FX: AMBIENT ATMOSPHERE, A SENSE OF DRIFTING, FLOATING.
WE'RE INSIDE ARKALLAX'S HEAD.

ARKALLAX

(NO ALIEN FILTER THIS TIME BUT A DREAMY ECHO, A GHOSTLY QUALITY) New arrivals. Interesting. Mode of entry suggests technology far beyond current planetary level. Are they a threat? Should I kill them? Hmm, not yet perhaps. Let's observe. Allow them to roam a while.

CUT TO:

9. EXT. RUN-DOWN AREA AROUND THE TOWER BLOCK

FX: A CLATTER OF RUBBLE AS THE DOCTOR LANDS.

DOCTOR

Oof!

FX: THE BLEEPING SIGNAL ON THE MACHINE IS SPEEDING UP,
RUNNING OUT OF CONTROL.

ACE

Ow! Doctor, this thing is getting hot!

DOCTOR

Turn it off! Turn it off!

ACE

How?

DOCTOR

On the side there's... oh, never mind. Give it to me!

ACE

Catch!

FX: A CLUNK/CLATTER AS HE CATCHES IT.

DOCTOR

(AS IF HE'S HANDLING A HOT POTATO) Ooh! Ooh!

ACE

Told you it was hot.

MEL

There's smoke pouring out of it, Doctor! It's going to
explode!

ACE

Chuck it away! Quick!

DOCTOR

Oh my!

FX: HE CHUCKS IT. THE MACHINE CLATTERS ON STONY GROUND.

ACE

(YELLS) Take cover!

FX: THE MACHINE BLOWS UP.

CUT TO:

10. INT. TOWER BLOCK

FX: THE EXPLOSION FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE BUT MUFFLED,
DISTANT.

RUCK

What the hell...

JAN

What's happening now?

FX: RAPID FOOTSTEPS AS HE RUNS ACROSS THE BARE
FLOORBOARDS. THE CREAK OF A WINDOW OPENING.

RUCK

(EXCITED AND ALARMED) I don't believe it!

JAN

What is it?

RUCK

New people. I can see new people!

CUT TO:

11. EXT. RUN-DOWN AREA AROUND TOWER BLOCK

FX. DOCTOR, ACE AND MEL ALL COUGHING. THE DOCTOR FLAPS AT THE SMOKE WITH HIS HAT.

ACE

Well, that's gone for a Burton!

DOCTOR

Oh, look, it's nighttime! Fascinating. We must be inside a chronologically locked stasis bubble.

ACE

That's not the only thing that's different here. Anyone notice the dirty great tower block?

MEL

It's a bit too big *not* to notice. You said 'locked' stasis bubble, Doctor. Does that mean we're trapped?

DOCTOR

Possibly. For now. But don't worry, Mel. I'll think of something. Or perhaps I won't.

MEL

Oh, that's very encouraging.

ACE

Maybe someone in the tower block can help us.

MEL

Hmm. The place doesn't exactly look welcoming, does it?

DOCTOR

As I said earlier, appearances-

MEL

(INTERRUPTING) -can be deceiving. Yes, I know.

FX. THEY START WALKING, STUMBLING THROUGH THE RUBBLE.

ACE

Still a right mess here though isn't it? Like a building site that's been abandoned. It's hard to see but I think most of this used to be houses.

MEL:

Until someone knocked them down.

ACE:

So why's the tower block still standing?

DOCTOR:

Perhaps they got tired. The road still looks clear, let's go that way.

MEL:

Yeah, let's check out Terror Tower.

FX: RUBBLE SHIFTS BENEATH THEIR FEET AS THEY MOVE TOWARDS THE TOWER BLOCK.

CUT TO:

12. INT. TOWER BLOCK ENTRANCE FOYER.

FX: A SMALL ENTRANCE FOYER, STAIRS LEADING OFF, PAIR OF LIFTS. A HEAVY DOOR GRATES INWARDS OVER A RUBBLE-STREWN FLOOR, ACE HAVING TO REALLY WORK AT OPENING IT.

ACE

(GRUNTING WITH EFFORT) Someone... fire... the caretaker...

FX: THEIR FOOTSTEPS CRUNCH ON GRIT, RUBBLE, BROKEN GLASS. THEIR VOICES ECHO SLIGHTLY.

MEL

I've never liked tower blocks. In my experience they're full of mad caretakers and old ladies that eat people.

ACE

It's a bit pongy. And really dark. Anyone got a torch?

DOCTOR

I might have something... Ah, here we are!

FX: RATTLE OF A MATCHBOX.

ACE

Everlasting matches! There's not many left, Doctor.

MEL

Are they really everlasting?

ACE

They are if you don't drop them or blow them out. Here you go, Mel, one each.

FX: THE SCRAPE AND FLARE OF A MATCH, FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER.

MEL

Doesn't look any better in the light, does it? In fact, it looks worse. Walls peeling. Rubbish everywhere.

(FX: RIPPLE OF PAPER AS ACE PICKS UP A FLYER)

MEL

What's that?

ACE

Just an old flyer. Super Wok Chinese Takeaway. 30% off voucher. Wonder if it's still valid. (THEN SHE SPOTS SOMETHING ELSE) Hey, look! Here's a notice from the council. Property condemned.

MEL

Maybe the residents have all been evicted then?

ACE

We'll soon find out. (SHOUTS) Hello? Anyone around?

MEL

(HORRIFIED) Ace!

ACE

Well, we're not gonna get anywhere by being shrinking violets, are we?

DOCTOR

Well, I take your point-

ACE

(TO MEL) See?

DOCTOR

-but sometimes caution is advisable. Let's just look around quietly for now, shall we?

ACE

Fair enough. Where to first?

DOCTOR

Up the stairs, I think.

MEL

There's a lift here, Doctor.

DOCTOR

Possibly a little unreliable, given the circumstances. Best to stick to the stairs.

ACE

Yeah, we wouldn't want to get stuck in the lift in an abandoned-

FX: FROM SOMEWHERE ABOVE, THE SOUND OF SCAMPING FEET.

MEL

What were you saying about 'abandoned'?

ACE

Could just be rats.

MEL

If so, they're large ones. Doctor?

DOCTOR

Let's go on. Whoever's up there-

ACE

Or whatever.

DOCTOR

-they're probably more frightened of us than we are of them.

MEL

I wouldn't bet on it.

CUT TO:

13. EXT. A BACK YARD IN A RUN-DOWN CITY SUBURB

(FX: DISTANTLY WE HEAR A DOG BARKING, TRAFFIC NOISE. WEARY CRUNCH OF FEET ON GRITTY CONCRETE)

ISOBEL

(CALLING) Samson... Sammie... Where are you, you daft cat?

(FX: CLATTER OF A METAL DUSTBIN LID AS SHE LIFTS IT TO PEER INSIDE)

ISOBEL

If those Creegan lads have scared you off again...

(FX: A SUDDEN WARPING POP AS AN INSECTOID ALIEN APPEARS OUT OF THIN AIR, AS IF EJECTED FORCIBLY FROM ONE DIMENSION INTO ANOTHER. THE ALIEN TUMBLES TO THE GROUND WITH A CHITINOUS CLATTER OF LIMBS. ACCOMPANYING THE ALIEN IS A METALLIC DRONE, WHICH BUZZES LIKE A REMOTE-CONTROLLED AEROPLANE)

ISOBEL

Oh my... (TOO BREATHLESS TO SAY 'GOD' SHE STARTS TO HYPER-VENTILATE, WHICH CONTINUES AS...)

(FX: ALIEN AND DRONE CHITTER AT ONE ANOTHER, SAME LANGUAGE BUT THE ALIEN HAS A SOUND AS OF MANDIBLES CLACKING TOGETHER, WHEREAS THE DRONE MAKES A MORE MACHINE-LIKE, ELECTRONIC NOISE)

ISOBEL

Please, I don't want no trouble. I'm just looking for my cat.

(FX: THE DRONE WHIRRS CLOSER. A NOZZLE EXTENDS FROM IT WITH A HYDRAULIC HUM)

ISOBEL

What's that thing? Is that a gun? Look, there's no need for this. This is my back yard. My property. All you have to do is leave. I won't tell no one.

(FX: THE DRONE FIRES, A PROLONGED, ELECTRICAL SOUND)

ISOBEL

(GROANS AND...)

(FX: ...COLLAPSES WITH A THUMP)

(FX: THE DRONE WHIRRS BACK TO THE ALIEN, WHICH CHITTERS AT IT. THE DRONE CHITTERS BRIEFLY BACK, THEN FIRES AGAIN, ONLY THIS TIME THE DRAINING SOUND IS REVERSED)

(FX: THE GRISTLY, WET CRUNCH OF FLESH SHIFTING, REFORMING. THEN...)

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(A SHUDDERING GROAN OF REVULSION) I don't wanna do that again. That were horrible!

DRONE

(NOW SPEAKING WITH ISOBEL'S VOICE, BUT MORE MEASURED, ELECTRONIC) Assimilation complete. Transfer of human physiology, memories and speech patterns one hundred percent successful.

(FX: SCUFF OF FEET AS ISOBEL/ALIEN STUMBLES)

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Whoa! How the heck do these human things manage on only two limbs? And fat, stubby ones at that, full of bone and flesh and... (SHUDDER OF REVULSION, FOLLOWED BY DEEP BREATH) This is gonna take some getting used to. (ANOTHER DEEP BREATH) Right. Come on, lass. Best foot forward. You too, droney.

DRONE

My designation reference is not 'droney'. It is 7, 5, Bex, Ulla, 12, Veto, 9, 11, Sul, Magno, 3, 17-

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Look, I'll just call you droney from now on, all right? In this daft language it's easier.

(FX: CLICKS AND BUZZES AS THE DRONE DECIDES)

DRONE

That is acceptable.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

So how far away's that force field from here, droney?

DRONE

Energy readings indicate minimum distance to designated destination... (FX: BLEEPs AND WHIRRS FOR A MOMENT) 0.26759 kilometres east.

ISOBEL

Cracking. Let's push on then.

CUT TO:

14. INT. TOWER BLOCK STAIRCASE/CORRIDOR

FX: THE DOCTOR, ACE AND MEL'S ASCENDING FOOTSTEPS ON GRITTY STONE ECHO HOLLOWLY.

NB: THEY SPEAK IN LOW VOICES THROUGHOUT.

ACE

How long do you think that barrier's been up, Doctor?

DOCTOR

Judging by the energy requirements needed to sustain it, and the rate of entropic deterioration within its confines, I'd say... two weeks? Three at a pinch.

ACE

Three weeks is a long time to be cut off from civilization. So if nobody can get in or out, how do the people who live here get food?

MEL

What makes you think anyone lives here?

ACE

We heard them, didn't we? Footsteps, up above.

MEL

Yes, but what makes you think they're people?

ACE

People, animals, aliens – they've still got to eat.

DOCTOR

I'm sure a little exploration will furnish us with answers. It usually does. But let's be careful.

ACE

You know me, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

(HE CERTAINLY DOES) Precisely why I mentioned it.

FX: SHE PUSHES AT A FIRE DOOR LEADING INTO A CORRIDOR OFF THE MAIN STAIRCASE, WHICH SHUDDERS AND GRATES.

ACE

(GRUNTING) This fire door's a bit stiff. Here, hold my match, Mel. I need two hands for this.

MEL

Got it.

ACE

(GRUNTS AS...)

FX: ...SHE PUSHES THE FIRE DOOR OPEN.

ACE

There we go. Match.

MEL

Here you are.

DOCTOR

What can you see, Ace?

ACE

Nothing much. Doors. Some open, some not.

DOCTOR

Just like life. An infinite variety of choices. Which shall we select?

ACE

How about the nearest?

DOCTOR

(SIGHS) As good as any, I suppose.

FX: ACE MOVES ACROSS TO THE DOOR AND TAPS ON IT.

ACE

Anyone home?

MEL

It's slightly ajar. Give it a push.

FX: ACE DOES SO. IT OPENS WITH A LONG, SLOW CREAK.

ACE

(HUSHED, CAUTIOUS) Hello?

CUT TO:

15. INT. AN ABANDONED FLAT IN A CONDEMNED TOWER BLOCK

FX: A WARDROBE DOOR SLIDES OPEN ON RUNNERS – ONE OF RUCK'S SECRET TRANSIT POINTS.

JAN

(OFF; FEARFUL) Ruck?

FX: HURRIED FOOTSTEPS AS RUCK RUSHES FROM BEDROOM TO SITTING ROOM.

RUCK

(VOICE LOW) Yeah, it's me.

JAN

Did you see them? The people?

RUCK

A man and two girls. They're coming this way.

JAN

(ANXIOUS) What do they want? Are they here for us?

RUCK

Why would they be?

JAN

What if he sent them? What if they're here for me?

RUCK

(ANGRY) Jan, I've told you a million times... (THEN RELENTING, CALMING DOWN) Sorry, it's just... look, forget about Karl, okay? He's not our problem any more. He's really not.

JAN

So... why are those people here?

RUCK

I don't know. But I think I should keep an eye on them. I might be able to find out from them why we're stuck here. They might even be able to show us a way out. Maybe if we help them, they'll help us.

JAN

How can we help them?

RUCK

By warning them about the Others. I mean, we can't just stand by and watch them walk in here if they don't know what they're letting themselves in for, can we? If the Others get hold of them... well, it doesn't bear thinking about, does it?

CUT TO:

16. INT. ABANDONED FLAT OF A CONDEMNED TOWER BLOCK

FX: CAUTIOUS FOOTSTEPS OF THE DOCTOR, ACE AND MEL.

MEL

Come on, let's go. It's obvious there's nobody here. The place has been cleaned out. The cupboards look as though they've been ransacked, emptied of food.

ACE

I'm sure I heard something. It came from the room at the end.

MEL

What did you hear?

ACE

I don't know. Movement maybe?

MEL

(SIGHS)

ACE

Look, you go and wait back out in the corridor if you want to. But I'm checking this out. Someone could be hurt. Or frightened.

DOCTOR

Quite right, Ace. Leave no stone unturned. That's always been my motto.

MEL

Since when?

DOCTOR

Since just now. But I could always pop back and whisper it in my young ear.

MEL

You can't deny, though, Doctor, that some pretty nasty things have crawled from under the stones you've turned over.

DOCTOR

That's what makes life so interesting.

ACE

Button it, you two. I'm going in.

FX: THE SQUEAK OF A DOOR HANDLE.

DOCTOR

Slowly does it, Ace.

FX: THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

ACE

(WHISPERING) Hello? Anyone in here? Don't be frightened. We've come to-

FX: A SUDDEN SCAMPERING AND SQUEALING AS A RAT SHOOTS PAST THEM AND SCUTTLES AWAY DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

ACE

Gordon Bennett!

MEL

(GROAN OF REVULSION) It ran over my foot!

DOCTOR

(CALLING AFTER IT) Excuse me! Could you... ah, well. Cute little feller.

ACE

Cute? It nearly gave me a heart attack! I dropped my match!

MEL

I've still got mine. (PAUSE AS SHE HOLDS IT UP) Looks like this place is empty, after all.

FX: HOLLOW FOOTSTEPS AS SHE CROSSES THE FLOOR AND PICKS SOMETHING UP.

ACE

What you got there?

MEL

It used to be a little pottery shepherdess. My gran had one. It had a yellow bonnet.

ACE

Yeah, well, that one's not got a bonnet. It's not even got a head.

MEL

I can see that. (WISTFUL) Sad.

DOCTOR

Things left behind... Abandoned lives... Buildings like empty shells, full of memories...

FX: INDETERMINATE MOVEMENT — POSSIBLY SHUFFLING,
SCAMPERING FEET — BUT FROM WHERE IS HARD TO PINPOINT.

ACE

Not just memories, Doctor.

MEL

That definitely wasn't rats.

DOCTOR

No, I don't think it was. Shall we go and find out if the natives are friendly?

MUSIC: SEGUE.

17. INT. STAIRWELL OF CONDEMNED TOWER BLOCK

FX: THE FIRE DOOR SHUDDERS OPEN.

ACE

Stupid fire door.

DOCTOR

Shh. Listen.

FX: SHUFFLING MOVEMENT, GETTING CLOSER. IT'S HARD TO TELL WHERE IT'S COMING FROM – IT SEEMS TO BE ALL AROUND THEM. THERE'S A MURMUR OF VOICES TOO, LIKE A SOFT TIDE, BUT IT'S HARD TO MAKE OUT WHAT THEY'RE SAYING.

THE OTHERS (OFF)

Hungry... Hungry... Hungry...

ACE

Where's it coming from?

MEL

Hard to tell. Somewhere above us, I think.

ACE

What are they saying, Doctor? I can't make it out.

FX: SHUFFLING MOVEMENT GETS CLOSER. WE CAN NOW HEAR WHAT THE VOICES ARE SAYING.

THE OTHERS

Hungry... Hungry... Hungry... (CONTINUES AND BECOMES GRADUALLY LOUDER AND CLOSER)

DOCTOR

I think they're saying that they're hungry.

ACE

Anyone brought any sandwiches?

MEL

I've a feeling that won't satisfy them.

DOCTOR

Perhaps, on reflection, we ought to beat a hasty retreat.

MEL

In which direction?

ACE

Down. We'll only trap ourselves if we go up.

MEL

We're trapped whichever direction we go. We're stuck here, remember.

ACE

Yeah, but we have more scope for movement if we head downwards. Come on!

FX: HURRIED FOOTSTEPS AS THEY DESCEND HALF A DOZEN STEPS. BUT IT BECOMES CLEAR THAT THE SHUFFLING MOVEMENT IS BOTH ABOVE AND BELOW THEM, ACCOMPANIED BY...

THE OTHERS

Hungry... Hungry... Hungry...

MEL

They're coming from both directions!

DOCTOR

We'll have to chance the lift. Quick! Back up on to the next landing!

FX: THE DOCTOR, ACE AND MEL'S ASCENDING FOOTSTEPS. MEL SLAPS THE LIFT BUTTON. THE SHUFFLING MOVEMENTS AND THE CHANTS OF 'THE OTHERS' GET EVER CLOSER.

MEL

Come on, come on...

ACE

Did you press the button?

MEL

Of course I did!

ACE

Well, press it again!

MEL

What's the point? It won't make the lift come any quicker!

DOCTOR

(SEEING THE OTHERS FOR THE FIRST TIME) Oh... fascinating. Look, they're so emaciated. It's a wonder that they can walk at all. If I didn't know better-

FX: THE FIRE DOOR OPENS, INTERRUPTING THE DOCTOR.

RUCK

Hey! You three!

ACE

Who are you?

RUCK

I'll explain later! Come this way!

ACE

And trap ourselves in one of the flats? No chance!

FX: WITH A SHARP 'PING' THE LIFT DOORS OPEN.

ACE

Lift's here! Doctor, come on!

FX. SHE RUNS INTO THE LIFT, MEL FOLLOWING.

MEL

Quick, inside! (FRANTIC) Doctor!

RUCK

No! Not the lift! Get out, quickly!

FX: BUT THE LIFT DOORS SLIDE SHUT, AND WITH A WHINE THE LIFT STARTS TO ASCEND.

DOCTOR

(SHOUTING) Ace! Mel! (THEN TO RUCK) What's wrong with the lift? Where's it taking them?

RUCK

Nowhere good. Come on! We need to move!

DOCTOR:

But... my friends...

FX. RUCK GRABS HIM.

RUCK:

It's too late! You can't help them now, nobody can!

FX: THE SHUFFLING AND THE CRIES OF 'THE OTHERS' OVERWHELM THEM...

DOCTOR

(QUIETLY, BUT LOUD ENOUGH TO BE HEARD) Oh, Ace... Mel... What have you done?

MUSIC: CRASH IN CLOSING THEME.

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

[REPRISE:

(FX: AS THE SHUFFLING MOVEMENTS AND THE CHANTS OF 'THE OTHERS' GET EVER CLOSER...)

(FX: WITH A SHARP 'PING' THE LIFT DOORS OPEN)

ACE

Lift's here! Doctor, come on!

MEL

Quick, inside! (FRANTIC) Doctor!

RUCK

No! Not the lift! Get out, quickly!

(FX: BUT THE LIFT DOORS SLIDE SHUT, AND WITH A WHINE THE LIFT STARTS TO ASCEND)

DOCTOR

(SHOUTING) Ace! Mel! (THEN TO RUCK) What's wrong with the lift? Where's it taking them?

RUCK

Nowhere good.

(FX: AS THE SHUFFLING AND THE CRIES OF 'THE OTHERS' OVERWHELM HIM...)

DOCTOR

(QUIETLY, BUT LOUD ENOUGH TO BE HEARD) Oh, Ace... Mel... What have you done?

END OF REPRISE. SCENE CONTINUES.]

18. INT. STAIRWELL OF CONDEMNED TOWER BLOCK (CONTINUED)

RUCK

Quick! Come with me!

DOCTOR

What about Ace and Mel?

RUCK

There's nothing we can do for them now. Follow me if you want to live. (URGENT) Come on!

FX: WITH THE SHUFFLING MOVEMENT AND THE CRIES OF 'THE OTHERS' ALMOST UPON THEM, THE DOCTOR AND RUCK FLEE.

DOCTOR

There are just empty flats through here. Won't we be trapped?

RUCK

Trust me.

DOCTOR

I don't think I really have a choice.

(FX: RUCK SHOVES A DOOR OPEN)

RUCK

Inside quickly! They're right behind us!

FX: HE SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND THE DOCTOR JUST AS THE SOUNDS OF PURSUIT REACH A CRESCENDO, INSTANTLY MUFFLING THE SHUFFLING FOOTSTEPS AND CRIES OF "HUNGRY... HUNGRY..." IMMEDIATELY 'THE OTHERS' BEGIN TO THUMP ON THE DOOR, THEIR BLOWS LOUD BUT RANDOM, UNCOORDINATED.

DOCTOR

What's wrong with them? Some sort of cognitive disruption?

RUCK

I'll explain when we're safe. The Others don't seem to have worked out how to open doors yet, but you never know, they might get lucky.

DOCTOR

Point taken. I assume there's an alternative route out of here?

RUCK

Several. Over the last few weeks I've developed my own system of moving about from flat to flat and floor to floor that doesn't involve the stairs or lifts.

DOCTOR

Ingenious.

RUCK

Dunno about that. I've mainly just bashed holes in walls between flats and rigged up ropes and things on the outside of the building so I can get from floor to floor. It's the only way to check empty flats for food without running the risk of becoming a brain-sucking zombie.

FX: THE POUNDING ON THE DOOR IS SUDDENLY SUPPLEMENTED BY A MORE OMINOUS SOUND – THE SPLINTERING OF OLD, THIN WOOD.

RUCK

Time to go. What's your name, by the way?

DOCTOR

Just call me the Doctor.

RUCK

Fair enough. My name's Ruck. This way, Doctor. Hope you don't mind heights.

CUT TO:

19. INT. LIFT.

FX: CLANKING WHIRR AS THE LIFT ASCENDS.

MEL

(ANXIOUS) What did he mean, 'Get out'? What's wrong with the lift?

ACE

No idea. But whatever's waiting for us when those doors open, we'll be ready for it.

MEL

What button did you press?

ACE

I didn't press any button.

MEL

Me neither.

ACE

Hang on. I'll try pressing 'Ground'. (FX: SHE PRODS AT BUTTONS) It's not responding. The buttons don't even light up.

MEL

I don't like this, Ace. Where do you think we're going?

ACE

Up. That's all I know. And at some speed too.

MEL

That's what worries me. How many floors do you reckon this building has?

ACE

Ten? Twelve?

MEL

You don't think we're going to-

FX: THE LIFT STOPS ABRUPTLY.

MEL

-crash?

ACE

Apparently not. Looks like we've arrived.

MEL

Yes, but where?

FX: THERE'S A HIGH-PITCHED 'PING' AND THE DOORS START TO SLIDE OPEN.

ACE

We'll soon find out.

CUT TO:

20. EXT. WINDOW LEDGE

FX: WIND WHISTLES THROUGH A BROKEN WINDOW. IN B/G CAN STILL BE HEARD THE THUMPING OF 'THE OTHERS' ON THE DOOR AND THEIR MOANS OF "HUNGRY... HUNGRY..."

RUCK

Sorry, Doctor. This next part's a bit tricky, but it's the only way to escape the ravening hordes out there.

DOCTOR

Don't worry about me. I'm more nimble than I look.

RUCK

You'll need to be. There are no passageways out of this flat, so we'll have to climb out the window. Just below it there's a ledge, and if you look to your right you'll see a rope ladder. That'll take you up two floors. But hold on tight. It tends to sway about a bit.

DOCTOR

Sounds like fun!

RUCK

That's one word for it. I'll go first and you just do what I do. Watch the broken glass sticking out of the frame as you climb out. (PAUSE) Oh, and don't look down.

CUT TO:

21. EXT. RUN-DOWN AREA AROUND TOWER BLOCK

FX: LOUD PULSING SOUND SIMILAR TO THE EFFECT USED EARLIER WHEN THE DOCTOR BROKE THROUGH THE SHIELD. ISOBEL AND THE DRONE STEP THROUGH. THE EFFECT CUTS OFF. THEIR FOOTSTEPS CRUNCH ON GRAVEL AND CONCRETE.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Well, you made a meal of that droney, you losing your touch?

DRONE

Breaching the energy barrier would have been beyond the capabilities of most technology.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Yeah, yeah... you're right clever. (SPOTTING SOMETHING)
Ey up, droney, what's that?

DRONE

(FX: CLICKS AND WHIRRS) Unable to respond. More specification required.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Up there, look. A couple of them humans climbing up the side of the building. There's nothing in this lass's memory to say they can do that.

DRONE

Analysis indicates use of equipment to aid vertical progress. Designation: rope ladder. (FX: CLICKS AND WHIRRS) Shall I terminate them?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Nah, let 'em be. They're not doing us any harm. Any sign of the big feller?

DRONE

(FX: CLICKS AND WHIRRS) Energy readings inconclusive. Though analysis indicates presence of quarry at eighty-two percent probability.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Eighty-two percent, eh? That's good enough for me. Like as not, he's assimilated his environment, and is using this lot around us as camouflage. That's why the readings are a bit fuzzy. What do you reckon, droney?

DRONE

Assessment feasible.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Right. Well, we'd better go and find him then.

FX: CRUNCH OF FOOTSTEPS AND THE BUZZ OF THE DRONE FADE
TO...

22. EXT. ALIEN PLANET**ACE**

This is impossible! Lift doors can't open on to a... desert! Where the hell are we?

MEL

Well, one thing's certain. (ADOPTS US ACCENT) We ain't in Kansas no more.

ACE

We're not even on Earth. Look at that sky. It's green.

MEL

Three moons too. This lift must be some sort of... trans-dimensional pod.

(FX: ACE STABS AT BUTTONS AGAIN)

ACE

Buttons still don't work. What do you think? Should we explore? Try to suss out where we are? Air's a bit pongy, but it seems breathable.

MEL

What if someone calls the lift when we're not in it, and it strands us here?

ACE

Here, stick your foot in the door to stop it closing. I'll grab a rock.

MEL

Okay.

FX: ACE VENTURES OUT, THE ROCKY GROUND SLIDING AND CREAKING BENEATH HER FEET LIKE BRITTLE SLATE. SHE PICKS UP A ROCK AND TRAMPS BACK.

ACE

Look at this thing. It's like a big chunk of black glass.

MEL

The whole ground looks as if it's been melted. Look at those scorch marks on what's left of the trees. This was a battlefield, Ace.

ACE

No bodies, though.

MEL

Maybe there's nothing left of them. Flesh and bone is easier to destroy than rock.

FX: A GLASSY CLUNK AS ACE PLACES THE ROCK IN THE PATH OF THE LIFT DOOR.

ACE

There, that should stop the door from closing on us. Let's go.

MEL

You sure you want to do this?

ACE

What else can we do? Hang around in the lift and play I-Spy?

MEL

(SIGHS) I hope the Doctor's okay.

ACE

Course he is. He's always okay.

CUT TO:

23. EXT. ROPE LADDER

FX: THE WIND BLOWS, BUFFETING THE ROPE LADDER.

DOCTOR

(AS THE ROPE SWINGS) Whoooooaaa!

RUCK

Sorry, Doctor. Told you it swung about a bit. You're nearly there, though. Grab my hand.

DOCTOR

(GRUNTS WITH THE STRAIN OF REACHING UP)

RUCK

Just a bit more... There you go! Gotcha!

CROSS TO:

24. INT. ABANDONED FLAT (CONT.)

FX. INSIDE AN ABANDONED FLAT, WE CAN HEAR THE DOCTOR AND RUCK CLIMBING UP TOWARDS THE WINDOW.

DOCTOR AND RUCK

(EFFORT NOISES, GRUNTING AND HEAVING AS...)

FX: RUCK HAULS THE DOCTOR UP AND IN THROUGH THE WINDOW, THE DOCTOR SCRAMBLING OVER THE SILL AND THUMPING TO THE FLOOR ON THE OTHER SIDE.

RUCK

(PANTING WITH EFFORT) You okay?

DOCTOR

Nothing broken.

JAN

(FEARFUL) Who's this?

DOCTOR

Good evening. No need to be alarmed. I'm the Doctor. I'm a friend.

JAN

Friend?

RUCK

This is the man I told you about, Jan. I rescued him from the Others.

JAN

What man?

RUCK

(PATIENT) You remember. I told you. There were three of them.

JAN

Three?

DOCTOR

My friends took the lift. You warned them against it, Ruck. Why?

RUCK

That lift has a mind of its own. And the people who go in...

DOCTOR

Yes?

RUCK

Well... they never come out the same. If they come out at all. I'm sorry, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

(RALLYING) If anyone can handle it, it's Ace and Mel.

(NOT SURE) I'm sure they'll be alright.

JAN

(SUSPICIOUS) Where did you come from? You're the first new person we've seen in... a long time.

DOCTOR

I'm from outside.

RUCK

Seriously? I thought there was no way in or out of the barrier.

DOCTOR

How long have things been like this?

RUCK

Hard to say, what with it being night all the time. We've tried to keep track, but the days just blend into one. We reckon it's been... what? Three weeks, Jan?

JAN

(NON-COMMITAL) Mmm.

DOCTOR

And how did it all start?

RUCK

There was a sort of... flash one day. Like an explosion. The whole building shook. Then we looked outside and it was night. Day to night, just like that.

DOCTOR:

This was your home?

RUCK:

Kind of. The whole place was due to be knocked down. Most of the residents had been re-housed, but there were a few still here waiting on the council to get them a new place. Me and Jan had nowhere to go, and no money. We were on the run from the bloke she used to go out with, nasty piece of work called Karl. So we... er... occupied one of the empty flats.

DOCTOR

What about the barrier? When did you realise you were trapped here?

JAN

Ruck went out... I didn't want him to...

RUCK

We were looking out the window, and I could see other people had gone outside, so I went out too. People were just wandering around, confused. We didn't realise the barrier was there until a woman suddenly crouched down, feeling sick and dizzy. At first we thought she was freaked out, but then the guy she was with went to help her, and next thing he was feeling the same. After that other people started testing it out, me included. We couldn't see the barrier, but we'd all reach a point where we started to feel ill, and where we literally couldn't walk forward any more – just couldn't get our legs to respond. One older guy ran at the barrier, hoping to break through. He collapsed, blacked out. It was ages before he woke up... Twenty-four hours maybe. It's weird, though. You can see through the barrier, to the street, but you never see anyone on the street. It's like the whole area's been abandoned.

DOCTOR

That's because the street you see from this side of the barrier isn't really there. It's a mental projection. You simply see what your mind expects you to see – what it's been instructed to see.

RUCK

Instructed by who?

DOCTOR

That's what I'd like to know.

JAN

So how come you managed to get through the barrier?

DOCTOR

I had specialist equipment.

RUCK

What equipment? Where is it now?

DOCTOR

It was unable to withstand the rigours of transportation.

JAN

You what?

DOCTOR

It blew up.

RUCK

Unfortunate.

DOCTOR

Very. (SUDDENLY BRISK AND BUSINESS-LIKE) So tell me about the Others. I take it they're the former residents of the building?

RUCK

Yeah. It's like they've... regressed, been taken over. First off, one or two people started acting weird, staring off into space, talking to themselves, and then more and more of them began to change. It swept through the building like an infection. Now they shuffle around like zombies, moaning about how hungry they are, getting thinner and thinner. Sometimes the weaker ones collapse, just skin and bone...

DOCTOR

Hmm. I'd be interested to examine one.

RUCK

The bodies are never around for long. I don't know for sure what happens to them, but... well (HEDGING AROUND THE FACT THAT THE OTHERS EAT THE FALLEN) you know how they say they're hungry all the time?

DOCTOR

(GRIMLY) It's efficient, I suppose.

JAN

It's gross... *They're* gross...

DOCTOR

You described the transformation as an 'infection'?

RUCK

Yeah.

DOCTOR

(MUSING) That's possible, I suppose. Physical contact creating a psychic link between host and victim. A virus affecting the brain... (SNAPPING BACK TO THE PRESENT) I take it you two feel fine?

RUCK

(HESITANT) Yes.

DOCTOR

You don't sound too sure.

JAN

(DEFENSIVELY) We keep ourselves to ourselves.

RUCK

Except... I get these terrible headaches all the time. It's like there's something pressing down on me, a constant pressure in my head.

DOCTOR

(MUSING AGAIN) Remote mental subjugation?

JAN

What?

DOCTOR

Mind control.

RUCK

Someone trying to hypnotise us, you mean?

DOCTOR

It's possible. Though it would mean that whoever's behind all this has colossal mental power.

RUCK

But why are they doing it? Is it a terrorist thing? Some sort of experiment?

DOCTOR

From what I've seen, I'd say it's more likely extra-terrestrial.

RUCK

Aliens? Are you serious?

DOCTOR

Deadly.

RUCK

(LAUGHS UNCERTAINLY) You hear that, Jan?

(SILENCE)

RUCK

Jan?

JAN

(WHISPERS) Hungry...

RUCK

Oh no.

DOCTOR

Has she done this before?

RUCK

A couple of times in the past few days. She fades out for a few minutes, and then she's okay.

DOCTOR

Hmm. Which suggests the infection is *not* transmitted physically. Unless it's a combination...

RUCK

Physical *and* airborne, you mean?

DOCTOR

Perhaps mental too. Your isolation from the Others could explain your resistance up to now. Why haven't you succumbed, though, Ruck, I wonder?

RUCK

Tough constitution, me. Jan's a bit more... delicate.

DOCTOR

(FAR FROM CONVINCED) Perhaps.

RUCK

Is there any way we can help her? I can't let her become one of... them. I just can't. I promised her I'd look after her.

DOCTOR

We need to discover who or what is responsible for all this.

RUCK

How?

DOCTOR

We can start by having another look at that barrier.

CUT TO:

25. INT. LOBBY OF TOWER BLOCK

FX: BUZZ OF DRONE.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Well, droney? Is he here?

DRONE

Affirmative.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(IMPATIENT) And?

DRONE

Unable to comprehend function of connective word.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(SIGHS; TO HERSELF) Give me strength. (RAISES VOICE) So where is he?

FX. CLICKS AND WHIRRS FROM THE DRONE.

DRONE

Inconclusive.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

What's that supposed to mean?

DRONE

Readings indicate... (FX: PROLONGED CLICKS AND WHIRRS AS IF THE DROBE IS CONFUSED) ...omnipresence of quarry.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Omni... you mean he's everywhere?

DRONE

Affirmative.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Have you got muck in your circuits or something? How can he be everywhere?

DRONE

(CLICKS AND WHIRRS) Inconclusive.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Cheers. That's a big help.

MUSIC: SEGUE

26. EXT. ALIEN PLANET**ACE**

Listen to that.

MEL

I can't hear anything.

ACE

Exactly. It's totally silent. No birds, no insects, no nothing. This place is as dead as disco.

FX: THEY TRUDGE ON, THE BRITTLE GROUND CREAKING AND SPLINTERING BENEATH THEIR FEET.

MEL

Maybe it's not like this everywhere. Maybe somewhere there's life.

ACE

Let's climb to the top of that ridge over there, get a better view of what's around us.

MEL

All right, but we'd better not stray too far. We don't want to get lost.

ACE

Not much chance of that. The only landmarks around here are those lift doors we came out of. You can probably see them for miles.

FX: THEY TRUDGE UP THE RIDGE, THE BRITTLE ROCK SLIDING AND CRUNCHING BENEATH THEM. SUDDENLY...

MEL

(CRIES OUT, RESPONSE SOUNDS TO FALLING OVER)

FX. SHE FALLS OVER.

ACE

What's up? You all right?

MEL

Yes, fine. I tripped over something.

ACE

What?

MEL

I don't know. A cable or something. Here, look, half-buried in the ground.

FX: A GLASSY SLIDING SOUND AS SHE MOVES SOME OF THE CHUNKS OF ROCK ASIDE.

MEL

(SHOCKED) Oh!

ACE

What've you found?

FX: SHE SCRAMBLES ACROSS TO MEL, THE BRITTLE ROCK SPLINTERING AND SLIDING.

MEL

Remember you said there were no bodies?

ACE

Yeah.

MEL

I'm afraid you were wrong.

ACE

Blimey, it's in a bit of a state, isn't it? All black and twisted. Hard to make out what it must've looked like.

MEL

I've just had a horrible thought.

ACE

What?

MEL

What if this hill we're climbing isn't a hill at all? What if it's a burial mound?

ACE

We're nearly at the top now anyway. Grab my hand. I'll pull you up.

FX: MORE CREAKING AND SLIDING OF BRITTLE ROCK AS ACE HAULS MEL TO HER FEET. CRUNCHING AND SPLINTERING AS THEY TRUDGE UPWARDS.

MEL

I don't think I've ever been in such a grim place.

ACE

You've never been to Margate on a wet Bank Holiday weekend then... (GRUNTS WITH EFFORT) Come on, just a few more steps...

(FX: THEIR LAST FEW STEPS CRUNCH ON THE BRITTLE GROUND,
THEN SLOW TO A STOP)

(A PAUSE, THEN...)

ACE

(BREATHES) Whoa...

MEL

(SHOCKED INTAKE OF BREATH) Horrible!

ACE

Well, I think that pretty much settles it. This definitely is a battlefield. Or was.

MEL

I've never seen so many bodies. There must be thousands of them. Hundreds of thousands.

ACE

And from the looks of it, they were all burned to a crisp at the same time. Look how they've fused to the ground.

MEL

I'd rather not.

ACE

Must have been a bomb – or a heat weapon. The rock literally melted beneath them.

MEL

Such a waste of life. Awful.

ACE

Must have been quick, though. That's one mercy at least.

MEL

Come on, Ace, let's get back to the lift. Perhaps once the Doctor's got away from those zombie things he'll sneak back and press the call button.

ACE

Out of the frying pan into the fire, eh? As usual.

MEL

(LAUGHS) Well, at least we're-

ACE

(INTERRUPTING) Hey, what's that?

FX. SOMETHING SHIFTS, OFF.

MEL

What?

ACE

Over there, look.

MEL

I don't see anything.

ACE

I saw something moving. I know I did. Yes, there it is again, look! Something shifting in the rubble.

FX. MORE SHUFFLING, A LARGE CREATURE SHIFTING THE RUBBLE.

MEL

What is it?

ACE

Dunno. I can't make it out.

FX. SUDDENLY, THE NOISES ARE COMING FROM EVERYWHERE.

MEL

Oh, there's another one! And another! Over there!

ACE

This place has suddenly become a bit too lively.

MEL

Ace, look! That one's got wings!

ACE

They're like giant flying ants. Don't look too friendly, do they?

FX: DISTANT BUT APPROACHING, THE CREATURES MAKE AN ANGRY BUZZING, CHITTERING SOUND.

MEL

I think we'd better-

ACE

(INTERRUPTING, YELLING) Run!

CUT TO:

27. EXT. RUN-DOWN AREA AROUND TOWER BLOCK

FX: THE DOOR TO THE BUILDING OPENS. THE DOCTOR EMERGING.

DOCTOR:

I think it's clear out there.

FX. THEY EXIT, TRUDGING TOWARDS THE BARRIER.

RUCK

We're safer from the Others out here than we were inside. They congregate in the basement and only really wander around the stairwells and internal corridors.

DOCTOR

They never come outside?

RUCK

Never known them to.

DOCTOR

Could Jan have come into contact with the Others at all?

RUCK

No way. She hasn't left the flat for weeks. She's... well, you've probably already noticed, she has a few problems.

DOCTOR

This fellow, Karl?

RUCK

Yeah, he's her main one – or was. Local gangster down in Kneadsden where she comes from. They started going out when they were both at school, and he's just... treated her like dirt ever since. She's lovely, Jan, but the upbringing she had... well, she hasn't got much self-esteem, so she just took it. Never thought of leaving him. Wouldn't have dared.

DOCTOR

And then you rode in on your white charger and rescued her?

RUCK

I wouldn't quite put it like that. We met at the supermarket where we both worked. I was a student, but I had a part-time job there. We got talking, then we kind of... fell for each other.

DOCTOR

And you persuaded her to make the break from Karl?

RUCK

Eventually. But the scars run deep. She's convinced he'll come after her.

DOCTOR

Are you sure he won't?

RUCK

It might sound callous, but Jan's just not that important to him. Not that I'd ever tell her that.

DOCTOR

Of course not. How's your head, by the way, now that we're outside?

RUCK

Still throbbing. I'd kill for a paracetamol.

DOCTOR

Really?

RUCK

Well, not literally, of course. (PAUSE) I can't let Jan become like one of them zombies, Doctor. I just *can't*. I promised her I'd look after her.

DOCTOR

You won't let her down, Ruck. I know you won't.

RUCK

Nice of you to say so, Doctor, but I've made a bit of a pig's ear out of everything so far, haven't I?

DOCTOR

Chin up. It's always darkest before the dawn.

RUCK

Yeah, that's the thing here though isn't it? Dawn never comes.

CUT TO:

28. EXT. ALIEN PLANET

FX: THE RAPID CRUNCH, CLATTER, SPLINTER OF BRITTLE ROCK AS ACE AND MEL RUN TOWARDS THE LIFT. DISTANT BUT APPROACHING, THE CHITTERING OF THEIR ALIEN PURSUERS.

ACE

We're nearly there! Come on!

MEL

(SUDDEN PANIC) Ace!

ACE

What?

MEL

The lift doors! They're closing!

ACE

It's all right! The rock I put there'll stop it!

FX: ADDITIONAL TO PREVIOUS FX, WE ALSO NOW HEAR THE WHIRR OF THE LIFT DOORS SLIDING CLOSED.

MEL

The rock's not stopping it! The doors are passing through it as if it's not even there!

ACE

No! No-no-no-no-no-no-no!

FX: A SOLID CLUNK AS THE LIFT DOORS CLOSE.

MEL

We're stuck here! And those things are getting closer!

MUSIC: DRAMATIC SEGUE.

29. EXT. RUN-DOWN AREA AROUND TOWER BLOCK

(FX: THE DOCTOR AND RUCK'S FOOTSTEPS CRUNCHING OVER GRITTY CONCRETE. THEY HALT)

RUCK

So here's the barrier. Now what?

DOCTOR

Now we test the limits of our jailer's strength. Are you sure you're happy to do this, Ruck?

RUCK

If it gets us any closer to getting out of here, definitely. What do you want me to do?

DOCTOR

I want you to walk forward until it starts to feel uncomfortable.

RUCK

How uncomfortable?

DOCTOR

I'll let you be the judge of that. But don't push yourself too hard. If you think you're going to black out, then stop and come back.

RUCK

(BRACING HIMSELF) Okay. Here goes.

FX: HESITANT FOOTSTEPS AS HE WALKS SLOWLY FORWARD.

RUCK

(HE GIVES A SMALL GROAN)

DOCTOR

How are you feeling?

RUCK

A bit faint... and my head's really pounding... But I'm okay.

DOCTOR

You're sure?

RUCK

Yeah. I'm just going to take another step... (GROANS) Oh, I feel really sick now. Sorry, Doctor, I don't think I can go any further.

DOCTOR

That's fine. Come back. Rest.

RUCK

(GROANING)

FX: SLOW, UNSTEADY FOOTSTEPS AS HE COMES BACK.

RUCK

(GRUNTS AS...)

FX: HE SITS DOWN HEAVILY.

DOCTOR

(SOOTHINGLY) That's it. Just sit on the kerb and recover.

(DETERMINED) Now it's my turn.

FX: FOOTSTEPS AS HE STRIDES FORWARD.

RUCK:

Can you feel it?

DOCTOR: (HEADING AWAY)

Just a little, a... tickling almost... something at the back of my skull.

RUCK:

Just you wait.

DOCTOR:

Of course it's entirely possible that, in my case, it won't be as-- (CRIES OUT IN AGONY)

RUCK

(ALARMED) Doctor!

FX: ALMIGHTY THUMP AS THE DOCTOR COLLAPSES. RUCK RUNS OVER.

RUCK

Doctor!

CUT TO:

30. INT. MINDSCAPE

(FX: AMBIENT ATMOSPHERE, A SENSE OF DRIFTING, FLOATING)

ARKALLAX

(VOICE HUMAN, CALM, SOOTHING, SAME DREAMY FILTER AS PREVIOUS) This new arrival, this 'Doctor', is delicious. His mind... scintillates. It will prove a vital resource. (CALLS OUT, LIKE DRACULA TO HIS BATS) Bring him to me, my children. Bring the Doctor to me now...

CUT TO:

31. INT. TOWER BLOCK STAIRCASE

FX: BUZZ OF THE DRONE.

DRONE

Caution. Potential hostiles approaching.

FX: SHUFFLING FEET, DISTANT BUT APPROACHING.

THE OTHERS

(DISTANT BUT APPROACHING FROM ABOVE, VOICES ECHOING IN THE STAIRWELL) Hungry... Hungry...

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Get ready, droney. Power up them little zappers of yours. I'm gonna take cover in this doorway. If any of them weirdos makes a move towards me, blast 'em. Got it?

DRONE

Affirmative.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(MUTTERS) Right then, you lot. Come and have a go if you think you're hard enough.

FX: THE SHUFFLING FEET OF THE OTHERS GET CLOSER AND CLOSER...

THE OTHERS

(VOICES APPROACHING) Hungry... Hungry...

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Here they come. You ready, droney?

DRONE

Affirmative.

FX: THE OTHERS ARE HERE, THE SOUND OF THEIR SHUFFLING FEET FILLING THE STAIRWELL, ECHOING OFF THE WALLS. THEIR VOICES TOO...

THE OTHERS

Hungry... Hungry...

FX: THE DRONE ZIPS AND DARTS AS IT MONITORS THE SHUFFLING HORDE, BUZZING ABOVE THEIR HEADS LIKE AN AIRBORNE SHEEP DOG.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(COAXING) That's it... Go on... Move right along... Nothing to see here...

DRONE

Humans displaying no aggressive intent. Defensive action unnecessary.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

They've obviously got bigger fish to fry.

FX: THE SHUFFLING MOVEMENT OF THE OTHERS IS PASSING BY, FADING NOW AS THEY CONTINUE TO DESCEND THE STAIRCASE.

THE OTHERS

(VOICES FADING) Hungry... Hungry...

DRONE

Reference to aquatic vertebrates unclear.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

It's a human expression. It means... oh, never mind. Now, where are that bunch of weirdos going, do you reckon?

CUT TO:

32. EXT. RUN-DOWN AREA AROUND TOWER BLOCK**RUCK**

Doctor! Doctor! Wake up!

DOCTOR

(COMES TO WITH A START) Look out, Jamie! Behind you!

RUCK

(STARTLED) What?

DOCTOR

Oh... er... nothing. (SUDDENLY ALERT) How long have I been unconscious?

RUCK

Just a couple of minutes. Three at the most.

DOCTOR

Psychic attack. And an impressive one. He packs quite a wallop.

RUCK

Who does?

DOCTOR

Whoever's behind all this.

RUCK

I've never seen anyone react to the barrier like you did, Doctor. Most people just feel sick and dizzy. But you were thrown back, like you'd had an electric shock.

DOCTOR

I don't wish to boast, but I suspect my mind is a much juicier treat than yours. Our friend, whoever or whatever he is, couldn't resist taking a big bite – or trying to anyway.

RUCK

You make it sound like he's in the barrier – or that the barrier's alive.

DOCTOR

It's part of him certainly. If it is a him.

RUCK

All this is beyond me. This whole scenario. It's like a nightmare I can't wake up from.

DOCTOR

You're handling it splendidly. By the way, I thought you said they didn't come outside?

RUCK

Who?

DOCTOR

The Others.

RUCK

They don't.

DOCTOR

They do now. Look!

THE OTHERS

(VOICES FAINT BUT APPROACHING) Hungry... Hungry...

RUCK

Oh no! They're coming straight towards us!

FX: WE HEAR THEIR STUMBLING, SHUFFLING APPROACH. THEN SUDDENLY TWO MORE GROUPS APPEAR, ONE APPROACHING FROM THE RIGHT, ONE FROM THE LEFT.

THE OTHERS

(GETTING CLOSER) Hungry... Hungry...

DOCTOR

And from every direction. (AS THOUGH HE'S IMPRESSED) They're cutting off our retreat.

RUCK

No need to sound so pleased about it! Doctor, we're trapped!

CUT TO:

33. EXT. ALIEN PLANET

FX: THE CHITTERING OF ACE AND MEL'S ALIEN PURSUERS DRAWS CLOSER.

ACE

(DESPERATE) Gotta get these doors open!

MEL

(EQUALLY DESPERATE) They won't budge!

ACE

They have to! I refuse to die while I'm waiting for a lift!

MEL

It's no good, Ace! They're almost on us!

ACE

We'll have to fight! Grab a rock!

FX: GLASSY CLATTER AS BOTH GIRLS SNATCH ROCKS UP FROM THE GROUND.

ACE

(BAWLING DEFIANCE) Come on then, you lot! You want us?
(BEAT, THEN DETERMINED, THE WARRIOR HOLDING THE LINE) Try and take us!

FX: THE CHITTER AND BUZZ OF THEIR ALIEN PURSUERS RISES TO A TERRIFYING CRESCENDO...

THEME MUSIC

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

[REPRISE:

ACE

We'll have to fight! Grab a rock!

FX: GLASSY CLATTER AS BOTH GIRLS SNATCH ROCKS UP FROM THE GROUND.

ACE

*(BAWLING DEFIANCE) Come on then, you lot! You want us?
(BEAT, THEN DETERMINED, THE WARRIOR HOLDING THE LINE) Try
and take us!*

*FX: THE CHITTER AND BUZZ OF THEIR ALIEN PURSUERS RISES TO
A TERRIFYING CRESCENDO...*

END OF REPRISE. SCENE CONTINUES.]

34. EXT. ALIEN PLANET (CONTINUED)

FX: THE LIFT DOORS OPEN.

MEL

Ace, the doors are opening again!

ACE

Someone's messing with us!

MEL

Never mind that! Quick, get inside!

*(FX: THEY SCRAMBLE INTO THE LIFT. AS THEY DO SO, ONE OF
THE PURSUERS LUNGES FORWARD, MANDIBLES CLACKING)*

ACE

(YELLS) Mel! It's got my arm!

*FX: MEL STARTS WHACKING THE ALIEN'S LIMB WITH THE ROCK IN
HER HAND.*

MEL

Get your pincers off her!

(FX: THE ALIEN LETS LOOSE A CHITTERING SQUEAL OF PAIN)

ALIEN:

(SQUEAL)

ACE AND MEL

(GASP WITH EFFORT AS...)

FX: MEL DRAGS ACE INSIDE THE LIFT AND THE DOORS THUMP SHUT. MUFFLED NOW, WE STILL HEAR THE ALIENS CHITTERING AND BUZZING OUTSIDE THE LIFT, PLUS THE HIGH-PITCHED SCRAPING OF THEIR SPINY, PINCERED CLAWS ON THE METAL DOORS.

MEL

(PANTING) You all right?

ACE

A bit bruised, but I'll be fine. Thanks.

MEL

No problem. So now what? We're like sardines in a tin.

ACE

Better than being sardines on toast. Hang about, we're moving!

FX: WITH A WHIRR OF HYDRAULICS THE LIFT STARTS TO DESCEND. THE CHITTERING, SCRAPING, BUZZING OF THE ALIENS FADES AWAY.

MEL

Where to now?

CUT TO:

35. EXT. RUN-DOWN AREA AROUND TOWER BLOCK

FX: FADE UP SHUFFLING MOVEMENT AS THE OTHERS CLOSE IN.

THE OTHERS

Hungry... Hungry...

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(OFF, SHOUTING) Stun 'em, droney!

FX: THE INSECTILE BUZZ OF THE DRONE AS IT SWOOPS AND DARTS ABOVE THE HEADS OF THE OTHERS; THE SIZZLING ZAP OF ITS BLASTER.

THE OTHERS

(VOICES TAIL OFF AS THEY...)

FX: ...THUMP UNCONSCIOUS TO THE GROUND ONE BY ONE, RUBBLE SHIFTING BENEATH THEM. THE SWOOPING, DARTING BUZZ OF THE DRONE STABILISES AS IT RETURNS TO HOVER MODE.

DRONE

Threat neutralized.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Nice one, droney.

DOCTOR

(COLDLY) Yes, very efficient.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Right, you two. Who are you?

RUCK

Who are you, more like? (THEN HE REALISES) Hang on, I've seen you before... (DISBELIEF) You're the woman who works in the launderette.

DOCTOR

I'm not sure she is. My guess is that she only looks like her.

RUCK

Looks like her? How do you mean?

DOCTOR

Judging by the drone, I'd say our friend here is an alien who has adopted the form of the lady from the launderette in order to blend in. I'm right, aren't I?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Well, aren't you a clever one?

RUCK

(WEAKLY) An alien? Seriously? What... what sort of alien? You don't sound very 'alien'...

ISOBEL/ALIEN

All you need to know about me, sonny Jim, is that I'm the one with the awesome weaponry.

DOCTOR

So why don't you use it to shoot us down, like you did these poor souls?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Oi! I happened to be the one who saved you from those 'poor souls'! So you owe me, mate!

DOCTOR

Just as you owe the lady from the launderette, no doubt?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Oh, she'll be fine when she's slept it off. She'll have a bit of a headache, that's all.

DOCTOR

So tell me, why are you here? Because you didn't create this bubble, did you? So what are you? Galactic police officer? Bounty hunter? Assassin?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

You really are a clever little primitive.

DOCTOR

I may be less of a primitive than you think.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Whoever you are, I'm still the one with the weaponry, remember. So I get to ask the questions.

DOCTOR

Who are you looking for?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

I said-

RUCK

(INTERRUPTING) Er, Doctor!

THE OTHERS

(COMING TO, VOICES RISING IN A CHANT) Hungry... Hungry...

FX: THEY BEGIN TO CLAMBER TO THEIR FEET.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

That's impossible. This drone's equipped with a top of the range neural blaster. The brains of these things should have been scrambled for at least the next few hours.

DOCTOR

Perhaps they no longer need brains of their own to function.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

In that case, leg it back to the tower block! But droney's got you in his sights, so don't try to scarper.

DOCTOR

We wouldn't dream of it.

CUT TO:

36. INT. LIFT

FX: FADE UP WHIRRING DESCENT OF LIFT, WHICH ENDS WITH A 'CLUNK' AS THE LIFT STOPS. THEN A 'PING' AND THE DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

ACE

We've arrived.

MEL

Yes, but where?

ACE

Looks like we're back where we started. Different floor maybe. All quiet.

MEL

Well, let's get out quick before it whisks us off again. Who knows where we might end up next time?

FX: THEY STEP OUT.

CONTINUE TO:

37. INT. TOWER BLOCK LANDING (CONT.)**MEL**

Now what?

ACE

Suppose we'd better see if we can find the Doctor.

ARKALLAX (OFF)

(VOICE HUMAN, FRIENDLY; CALLING BUT FAINT) Hello!

MEL

What was that?

ACE

Someone calling. I think it came from this corridor. Hang on.

FX: A CREAK AS SHE PUSHES THE FIRE DOOR OPEN.

ACE

(CALLING) Hello?

ARKALLAX (OFF, BUT LOUDER NOW)

Oh, hello there!

ACE

Er... hi. You all right?

ARKALLAX (OFF)

Oh, I'm fine. I've been waiting for you.

ACE

Waiting for us? Who are you?

ARKALLAX (OFF)

I'm the person who rescued you, of course.

(A BEAT AS ACE AND MEL TAKE THIS IN)

MEL

(RAISING HER VOICE) So... are you the one who called the lift?

ARKALLAX (OFF)

I am. Look, why don't you pop down for a chat? I'm in Flat 405. Door's open.

ACE

(QUIETLY TO MEL) What do you think?

MEL

(ALSO QUIETLY) Why not?

FX: THE FIRE DOOR CREAKS AS THEY PUSH IT FULLY OPEN. THEY MOVE CAUTIOUSLY FORWARD.

ACE

Pretty dark down here. Wish we had more of those matches.

MEL

Can you see the door numbers?

ACE

Just about. The odd numbers are on the left here. 409... 407... Here we go. 405.

FX: SHE KNOCKS.

ACE

Hello.

ARKALLAX

(FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR) As I said, it's open.

FX: ACE TURNS THE HANDLE AND THE DOOR OPENS WITH THE FAINTEST CREAK.

ARKALLAX

(HEARTILY) Hello there! Welcome to my humble abode!

ACE

Humble?

MEL

Wow! This is lovely! You've even got the lights working!

ARKALLAX

Oh, I can be terribly resourceful about that sort of thing. Come in, Mel, Ace. Cup of tea?

CUT TO:

38. INT. ABANDONED FLAT

FX: DOOR OPENS.

RUCK

(CALLING OUT) Jan? You okay? It's just me. I've brought some people back. The Doctor and... someone else. Don't freak out. They're friendly. Well... ish. (PAUSE) Jan? You there?

DOCTOR

Be careful, Ruck.

RUCK

Jan wouldn't hurt me, Doctor.

DOCTOR

Not in her right mind, she wouldn't.

FX: BUZZ OF DRONE AS IT ENTERS THE FLAT.

DRONE

Potentially hostile presence detected.

RUCK

(ANGRILY) Oi, I said to keep that thing under control. Jan's very... sensitive.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

All right, calm down. (CALLS OUT) Droney! Heel!

FX: BUZZ OF DRONE CHANGES TIMBRE AS IT STOPS FLITTING ABOUT AND HOVERS BESIDE ISOBEL/ALIEN.

RUCK

(CAUTIOUSLY) Jan? You in here?

DOCTOR

Wait...

FX: FADE UP SHUFFLING FOOTSTEPS. ALSO FADE UP...

JAN

Hungry... Hungry... (CONTINUED SOTTO VOCE THROUGH SCENE)

RUCK

(SADLY) Oh no, Jan.

DOCTOR

Get back, Ruck. Don't let her touch you.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Droney! Prepare to-

RUCK

No! You leave her alone!

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Get out of the way, you plum. Can't you see she's become like them freaks out there? Which means we need to zap her. And this time we need to give it enough welly to make sure she stays down.

RUCK

You're not hurting her. I promised her I'd look after her. If you want to get to her you'll have to come through me.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Fair enough. Droney-

DOCTOR

(SHOUTS) Stop!

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Oh, blimey, not you an' all.

DOCTOR

You know as well as I do there's no need to harm either of these humans.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Oh, isn't there? And how do you work that one out?

DOCTOR

That drone of yours is a security model, correct?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(SURPRISED) Yeah. So?

DOCTOR

So that means it's equipped with more than weaponry. I'm guessing it can also generate a containment shield for the apprehension of prisoners.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Well... yeah. But to be honest, all that's a bit of a faff. It'd mean droney having to isolate the-

DOCTOR

(INTERRUPTING) Just give the order.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Oh, for... (THEN SHE SIGHS) All right, droney, you heard the man. Bung a containment shield around the girl.

FX: BUZZ OF THE DRONE BECOMES HIGHER PITCHED AS IT TAKES TO THE AIR. SURGE OF POWER AS IT GENERATES A CONTAINMENT SHIELD, FROM WITHIN WHICH WE HEAR JAN'S MUFFLED THUMPING AND GROANING.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Happy now?

DOCTOR

Deliriously.

RUCK

(UPSET) Oh, Jan... (TO THE DOCTOR) Is there anything we can do for her, Doctor? Is there anything we can do for any of them?

DOCTOR

To answer that, I'd have to know more about how this so-called infection spreads – and also why you haven't succumbed.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

I can get droney to check him out, if you like?

RUCK

What do you mean, check me out?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Scan you. See what's what.

RUCK

Will it hurt?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Don't be daft. You might feel a bit of a tingling, that's all.

RUCK

Doctor?

DOCTOR

Do it.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(CALLS OUT) Droney. Full diagnostic on the scruffy human.

RUCK

Hey!

FX: INSECTILE BUZZ OF THE DRONE CHANGES TIMBRE AS IT RISES INTO THE AIR AND DARTS FORWARD. A FEW CLICKS AND WHIRRS, THEN A PROLONGED, HIGH-PITCHED HUM AS IT SCANS RUCK FROM HEAD TO TOE.

RUCK

(NERVOUSLY) Doctor?

DOCTOR

Don't worry, Ruck. You're perfectly safe.

FX: HIGH-PITCHED HUM OF THE DRONE'S SCANNER SWITCHES OFF. BUZZ OF THE DRONE ALTERS AGAIN AS IT ZIPS BACK TO ISOBEL/ALIEN AND BEGINS TO CLICK AND CHITTER.

DOCTOR

There you see. All over. (TO ISOBEL/ALIEN) Well? What's the verdict?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Well, it's obvious why you've been getting headaches, kid.

RUCK

What do you mean?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(MATTER OF FACTLY) You've got a brain tumour.

CUT TO:

39. INT. ARKALLAX'S FLAT**MEL**

How do you know our names?

ARKALLAX

I like knowing things. Milk? Sugar?

FX: SPLASH OF TEA POURED INTO CHINA CUPS.

ACE

I'm good, thanks. I never accept tea from strangers.

ARKALLAX

(CHUCKLES) Very wise.

MEL

You haven't answered my question. How exactly do you know us?

ARKALLAX

I make it my business to know everything that goes on here. I am the overseer, you might say.

MEL

Overseer?

ACE

What's one of them when it's at home?

ARKALLAX

Why don't you make yourselves comfortable and I'll answer all your questions. Will you take tea, Mel? Slice of lemon and no sugar is how you like it, I believe.

MEL

How do you know that?

ARKALLAX

Didn't you just tell me?

MEL

You know I didn't.

ARKALLAX

Ah, forgive me. Sometimes I forget the distinction between speech and thought.

MEL

Are you saying you can read minds?

ARKALLAX

If interpreting electrical impulses is reading, then I suppose I can. Sit, sit.

FX: FURNITURE CREAKS AS THEY CAUTIOUSLY SIT.

MEL

You still haven't told us who you are.

ARKALLAX

My name is Arkallax.

ACE

You an alien?

ARKALLAX

(CHUCKLES) Aren't we all, somewhere?

CUT TO:

40. INT. ABANDONED FLAT

(FX: BUZZ OF THE DRONE, HUM OF THE CONTAINMENT BARRIER.)

JAN

(THROUGHOUT BUT IN B/G) Hungry... Hungry...

RUCK

(DEVASTATED) What do you mean, I've got a brain tumour?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Pretty sure I'm using the right terminology – unless, of course, you're just really thick. Basically a brain tumour is-

RUCK

(ANGRY) I know what it is!

ISOBEL/ALIEN

So why were you asking?

RUCK

I just... I mean... how do you know I've got a brain tumour?

DOCTOR

The drone performed a full medical scan on you, Ruck.

RUCK

But it only took about five seconds!

DOCTOR

Even so, it was comprehensive. Our friend's technology is somewhat more advanced than anything you're used to.

RUCK

No. That... thing must have made a mistake!

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(LAUGHS) Yeah, right. Like it would.

RUCK

Doctor?

DOCTOR

I'm sorry, Ruck.

RUCK

God, I don't believe this. (SUDDENLY SNAPS) Quiet, Jan!
(THEN IMMEDIATELY CONTRITE) Sorry, sorry, I know you can't help it. I'm just... it's stressing me out, that's all.

DOCTOR

Isobel, does that containment shield of yours have a 'mute' button?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

It does. Implement it, would you, droney?

DRONE

Affirmative.

(JAN'S VOICE BECOMES ABRUPTLY SILENT)

RUCK

(WEARILY) Thanks.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

You're welcome. But look, why are you being such a drama queen bout this brain tumour thing? I don't see what all the fuss is about.

RUCK

You don't see... ? (FURIOUS) I've got a brain tumour, you stupid...! (REINS HIMSELF IN WITH AN EXASPERATED GASP)

ISOBEL/ALIEN

So? You should be grateful. It's most likely that that's what stopped you turning into a walking vegetable, like your little friend there.

RUCK

(THE FIGHT DRAINED OUT OF HIM) How... How bad is it?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

What?

RUCK

The tumour. How long have I got?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

I don't follow.

DOCTOR

He wants to know what the prognosis is.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Prognosis? Oh, I reckon droney could cure you in... seven or eight seconds, ten tops.

RUCK

(ASTONISHED) Cure me?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(NOT UNDERSTANDING WHY RUCK IS SO AMAZED) Well... yeah.

RUCK

So I'm not gonna die from it?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

From a brain tumour? Are you kidding me?

DOCTOR

(QUIETLY) On Earth, such conditions can be life-threatening.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

No way! What is this, the Dark Ages?

RUCK

So droney can really cure me?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Course he can. He could zap that baby right out of your head before you can say, 'Ooh, that tickles'.

RUCK

Right (LAUGHS). Well... let him do it then.

DOCTOR

I'm not sure that's a good idea.

RUCK

What? How can curing me of a brain tumour not be a good idea?

DOCTOR

Because you've got a brain tumour, and Jan and the rest of the Others haven't.

RUCK

(REALISING) Oh.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

The Doc's right. If the tumour's protecting you – and I reckon it is – then getting rid of it is the worst thing you can do.

RUCK

(HEAVY IRONY) Great! So where does this leave me? What do I do?

DOCTOR

What do we do, you mean? We need to get to the bottom of what's going on here.

RUCK

But how?

DOCTOR

By arming ourselves.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Droney's fully powered up and ready to zap whatever gets in our way, Doc.

DOCTOR

(IRRITABLY) I'm not talking about weapons.

RUCK

What then?

DOCTOR

Information.

RUCK

And how do we get that?

DOCTOR

We can start with 'Isobel' here. (VOICE HARDENS) Who are you really? Where have you come from? And what are you doing here?

CUT TO:

41. INT. ARKALLAX'S FLAT

FX: CHINK OF A CHINA CUP BEING PLACED ON A SAUCER.

ARKALLAX

Are you sure you won't have any tea?

ACE

I'll pass, thanks.

MEL

No thank you.

ARKALLAX

(SIGHS) As you wish.

ACE

What we do want are answers.

ARKALLAX

And as I said, I'm happy to provide them. What would you like to know?

ACE

Where you're from for a start.

ARKALLAX

I am from Jalfreeth. Have you heard of it?

ACE

'Fraid not.

MEL

Sorry.

ARKALLAX

No matter. It was once a beautiful planet. Lush, green, teeming with life... (TAILS OFF SADLY)

MEL

What happened?

ARKALLAX

Our abundance proved our undoing. Our resources became too tempting a target, and we came under attack from a contingent of neighbouring planets, against whom we were forced to defend ourselves. The war was long... brutal...

ACE

And I'm guessing Jalfreeth didn't come out of it well?

ARKALLAX

(SIGHS) Our battle fleet was destroyed, our planet stripped, reduced to a husk.

CUT TO:

42. INT. ABANDONED FLAT

FADE UP FX: INSECTILE BUZZ OF THE DRONE, HUM OF THE CONTAINMENT BARRIER.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Honestly fellas, I'm not the bad guy here. If I was, droney would've blasted you to atoms by now.

DOCTOR

So convince us.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(SIGHS) All right, fair enough. My name's... no, forget that. If I tried to translate my name to your language it'd come out sounding like a load of squeaks and clicks, so just carry on calling me Isobel.

DOCTOR

Go on.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

I come from a small planet, but a pretty one, if you like deserts and underground cities – which, as it happens, I do.

RUCK

What's your planet called?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

You won't have heard of it.

DOCTOR

Try me.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

All right. The rough translation in this daft Earth language of yours would be Aslinia.

DOCTOR

Ah. Little yellow place, part of the Jovic Cluster?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(ASTONISHED) That's it! How can you...

DOCTOR

I went there once. There was a barbecue. I ate a purple fritter of some kind, crispy at the edges and soft in the middle. Delicious!

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(WISTFUL) Barbecued valoka fruit! They were my favourites when I was a hatchling!

DOCTOR

Charming people, the Aslinians. Gentle, peace-loving...

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(SUDDENLY SOMBRE) We were...

RUCK

What happened?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

The Jalfreeth happened.

CUT TO:

43. INT. ARKALLAX'S FLAT**ACE**

So how did you end up here?

ARKALLAX

I was appointed Commander of the Seventh Battalion. In the instant before my ship was reduced to atoms my consciousness abandoned its life-shell and I transported myself here, many parsecs away from my enemies.

MEL

Your life-shell? You mean... your body?

ARKALLAX

Yes.

ACE

So your mind... what? Just jumped out of your body?

ARKALLAX

Correct.

ACE

That's a pretty neat trick!

ARKALLAX

Not really. You see, we Jalfreeth are different to you...

ACE

You don't say!

ARKALLAX

We are... how can I put this in terms you will understand? We exist on two planes – the mental and the physical.

MEL

Well, so do we... sort of.

ARKALLAX

Yes, but yours is a symbiotic relationship. The mind cannot exist without the body, and vice versa.

ACE

I'm pretty sure there are plenty who wouldn't agree with you.

ARKALLAX

We are first and foremost creatures of consciousness. We create our life-shells simply for the sake of convenience, in order to interact with the physical universe.

MEL

So you can... transcend the physical when needs be?

ARKALLAX

Precisely. When we choose we can disengage from the physical and become creatures of pure consciousness – moving across vast distances, interacting with the technology we have created to establish our own realities.

MEL

Like this place?

ACE

Hang on. Are you saying none of this is real? That it's all some kind of... mental projection?

ARKALLAX

Well... not quite.

ACE

So what then?

ARKALLAX

Everything around you is real. It is a reality created by my thoughts.

MEL

But there's something you're not telling us...

ARKALLAX

(SIGHS) I am... the last of my kind. When our fleet was wiped out, I was the only one who managed to disengage from his life-shell and make the jump in time.

ACE

And?

ARKALLAX

The passage was not easy. The technology we use to interact with the physical plane is microscopic, isomorphic and semi-sentient. It is programmed to follow the energy-trail created by our consciousness if and when we jump.

ACE

You mean like... ducklings that follow their mother wherever she goes?

ARKALLAX

(LAUGHS) A crude analogy, Ace, but not entirely inaccurate.

MEL

So you made the jump, ended up here, and your technology followed?

ARKALLAX

Correct.

CUT TO:

44. INT. ABANDONED FLAT

FX: BUZZ OF THE DRONE, HUM OF THE CONTAINMENT BARRIER

DOCTOR:

The Jalfreeth?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

You know my planet but you've never heard of the Jalfreeth?

DOCTOR:

I get around, but I haven't met everyone. Besides, it's a long time since I was on Aslinia.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

It bloomin' must have been! They're a powerful psychic race. Warlike. Ruthless. They cut a swathe through the Jovic Cluster, absorbing the mental energy of hundreds of worlds, and destroying them in the process. We got word they were coming, so at least we were able to form alliances, defend ourselves. It still took the combined force of over thirty planets to stop them.

RUCK

So you defeated them?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

It was a Pyrrhic victory. The Jalfreeth commander wouldn't accept defeat. For him the choice was either total glory or total annihilation. When the war turned against him he hit the self-destruct button.

RUCK

Wiped himself out?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

His entire fleet, our fleet, and a bunch of planets in the immediate vicinity – including mine.

CUT TO:

45. INT. ARKALLAX'S FLAT**MEL**

So this technology of yours. Are you saying that you've used it to mould your surroundings? Create this environment from the raw materials around you?

ARKALLAX

Yes.

MEL

That's impressive.

ACE

It is, except... how come, if you've got such advanced technology, you created a dump like this to hide out in? I mean, it's not exactly Buckingham Palace, is it?

ARKALLAX

(LAUGHS) No, I grant you that. But this structure was here, relatively isolated and unoccupied.

MEL:

(BRINGING HIM UP ON IT)'Relatively'.

ARKALLAX:

I did my best in the few seconds available to me. (THEN HE SIGHS) My technology was caught on the very periphery of the explosion, and was subsequently damaged.

MEL

Damaged how?

ARKALLAX

Oh, it absorbed mental energy and information from the local environment, as it was programmed to do. And it used that energy to heal me, and to forge a new life-shell to suit this environment. It also created a protective bubble around me to keep me safe.

ACE

I'm sensing a 'but' here.

ARKALLAX

Unbeknownst to me, although my equipment was absorbing and utilizing energy, it wasn't storing it. Which meant that by creating this protective bubble it has effectively built a prison around me.

MEL

You mean there's not enough mental energy left within the bubble to help you break free?

ARKALLAX

Exactly. This may be a safe environment that I've created for myself – one in which my enemies can't reach me. But I'm afraid I'm trapped here just like everybody else.

CUT TO:

46. INT. ABANDONED FLAT

(FX: BUZZ OF THE DRONE, HUM OF THE CONTAINMENT BARRIER.)

DOCTOR

How many of your people were killed?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Just over six billion.

RUCK

(CAN'T QUITE FIND THE WORDS) Oh... Oh my God. That's awful.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(BARELY HIDING HER GRIEF) Yeah. I've had better days.

DOCTOR

And the fight isn't over. Is it, Isobel?

RUCK

How do you mean, Doctor?

DOCTOR

Why do you think Isobel's here, Ruck?

RUCK

I dunno. She's... looking for somewhere to live?

DOCTOR

Or someone to kill.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(TRYING TO JOKE TO MASK HER GRIEF AND ANGER, BUT HER HEART'S NOT IN IT) Please. You make me sound like a common psycho. Turns out the Jalfreeth commander didn't go down with his ship. He scarpered and left an energy trail behind him.

DOCTOR

A cerebral transfer of that magnitude, over such a distance... (WHISTLES SOFTLY IN ADMIRATION) I take it you were able to follow it?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

I was.

RUCK

You mean... he's here? This Jalfreeth bloke?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Yep.

RUCK

So... where is he? What's his name?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Number one – no idea. Number two – Arkallax.

CUT TO:

47. INT. ARKALLAX'S FLAT**ACE**

So what do you need to break out of here, Arkallax?

MEL

I'm guessing more mental energy. Is that it?

ARKALLAX

Yes. But I'm afraid, as you earthlings say, the cupboard is bare. Even the unfortunates who wander the corridors of this place have nothing more to give.

ACE

You mean you did that to them? You deliberately sucked their brains out?

ARKALLAX

Not me. My technology.

ACE

I thought you controlled your technology?

ARKALLAX

I do – up to a point. Its prime directive was – and is – to protect me, to keep me safe. However its inhibitors were corrupted in the explosion – to the extent that its prime directive has become its sole obsession.

MEL

You mean it's protecting you at all costs?

ARKALLAX

I'm afraid so. As well as creating an impenetrable bubble using the mental energy of those it has drained, it's converted what's left of them – their physical forms – into hunting units, destined to prowl this tiny kingdom that it's created in a vain search for new energy to absorb.

MEL

New energy?

ARKALLAX

At first it was taken from the local flora and fauna – birds, animals, insects, plant life – but now, as I say, there is very little left.

ACE

So these people... these 'hunting units' – are they still alive?

ARKALLAX

Not in any way that you would recognize. They're husks, animated but mindless, drained of all sentient thought.

MEL

That's horrible.

ARKALLAX

It is.

ACE

Do they feel pain?

ARKALLAX

No. They can no longer feel anything.

ACE

Except hunger.

ARKALLAX

Yes. Except that.

MEL

So is that what's going to become of us? Once your technology realises we've got energy to spare? It'll send those zombies after us? To absorb what's in our heads?

ARKALLAX

Not while you're with me. You're safe here.

MEL

That's all very well. But we can't stay here for ever, can we?

ACE

What about the lift? That other world? You said you controlled that. Can't we use it to escape?

ARKALLAX

That 'other world', as you call it, is nothing but a land composed of my own memories. Memories that my technology deemed harmful to my well-being, and therefore removed from my mind.

MEL

Memories of your own planet?

ARKALLAX

After the raiders had stripped it of its resources and annihilated the remaining population, yes.

MEL

Those memories must have been strong. That place was so real. You could feel the ground crunch beneath your feet.

ACE

Not all of it, though. Remember the rock I used to stop the lift from closing? The door passed right through it.

ARKALLAX

Even the strongest memories fade eventually.

ACE

And what about the creatures? The insect-things that chased us?

ARKALLAX

More dark thoughts extracted from my head and given form.

ACE

What sort of dark thoughts?

ARKALLAX

Fear. Despair. Grief. Regret. Hate. We all have such monsters in our heads, do we not?

CUT TO:

48. INT. ABANDONED FLAT

FX: BUZZ OF THE DRONE, HUM OF THE CONTAINMENT BARRIER.

RUCK

So how do you plan to find this Arkallax?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

That's the question.

DOCTOR

Your drone, it can scan the area?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Course it can.

RUCK

So we just scan for him.

DOCTOR

First things first, drone?

FX. THE DRONE BUZZES OVER TO HIM.

DOCTOR

Can you differentiate between the Others and normal human lifesigns.

DRONE

Affirmative.

DOCTOR

Excluding us, are there any in the immediate vicinity?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

What's this about then?

FX. WHIRRS AND CLICKS.

DRONE

Two females are currently within the building.

DOCTOR

Lifesigns stable?

DRONE

Affirmative

DOCTOR

(GREAT RELIEF) Then they're alright. For now.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Friends of yours?

DOCTOR

Yes.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

You kept that quiet.

DOCTOR

I didn't know that I could trust you.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

And now you do?

DOCTOR

You're giving me more reason to. So I presume you've already scanned for Arkallax?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Yeah, but the readings were weird.

DOCTOR

Weird how?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

They said that Arkallax was omnipresent. Everywhere.

RUCK

Everywhere?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Everywhere.

CUT TO:

49. INT. ARKALLAX'S FLAT**ACE**

So what's our next move? We can't just hang around here forever.

ARKALLAX

We're safe here. We have the basics for survival.

MEL

What about food?

ARKALLAX

My cupboards are always stocked. I want for nothing.

MEL

Thought into matter? Like the world we experienced upstairs?

ARKALLAX

Exactly.

ACE

(SLIGHTLY SARCASTIC) So if you can make tea out of pure thought, how come you can't use those mental powers of yours to think your way out of here?

ARKALLAX

I could if-

MEL

Your technology wasn't bending over backwards to keep you safe, like an over-protective nanny.

ARKALLAX

Yes. I'm sorry that you've become similarly entangled in this web of mine.

ACE

Still not planning to make it a permanent arrangement. I'm sure the Doctor could help, if only we knew where he was.

ARKALLAX

Ah, yes, your friend. Tell me about him.

MEL

Oh, he's brilliant. He's got mental energy to spare. If anyone can get us out of this, he can.

CUT TO:

50. INT. ABANDONED FLAT

FX: BUZZ OF THE DRONE, HUM OF THE CONTAINMENT BARRIER.

RUCK

But that's impossible. He can't be everywhere.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Tell me about it.

DOCTOR

You said that Arkallax effectively arrived here on a train of thought? That the Jalfreeth are a psychic race?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Yeah. To them consciousness is more important than their physical state. They survive by absorbing mental energy.

DOCTOR

Like the mental energy of the unfortunates wandering the corridors of this building – and like poor Jan here.

RUCK

What's your point, Doctor?

DOCTOR

What do you think they do with that mental energy? Apart from survive on it, of course?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Well, they adapt it. They mould it like clay. They can use it to mimic, or even to blend into, their surroundings.

DOCTOR

Precisely.

RUCK

Like chameleons, you mean? For camouflage?

DOCTOR

Yes. Or more specifically in this case, to hide in plain sight.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(SUDDEN REALISATION) O! M! G!

RUCK

What? Will you two please explain what it is you're seeing, and I'm not?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Arkallax is everywhere.

RUCK

Yes, you've already said that.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

No, I mean... he's everywhere. He's all around us. We're standing in him.

RUCK

You mean... Arkallax is the building?

DOCTOR

He's amalgamated with the building. To the extent that he's now become the building. The ultimate chameleon.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

We're standing in the belly of the beast.

(A BEAT, THEN...)

RUCK

Hey, guys... look at Jan.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

What about her?

RUCK

Her lips aren't moving any more. She's stopped speaking.

DOCTOR

When someone stops speaking in the middle of a conversation, that usually means they're doing something else.

RUCK

Like what?

DOCTOR

Listening.

CUT TO:

51. INT ARKALLAX'S FLAT

ACE

Arkallax? Are you all right?

MEL

What's happened to him?

ACE

Dunno. One minute he was fine, the next he just... konked out.

MEL

It was when we told him about the Doctor.

ACE

You think that's significant?

MEL

I don't know.

FX. ACE MOVES OVER AND SHAKES HIM.

ACE

Arkallax! Hey, mate! Wake up!

MEL

I wouldn't keep shaking him like that. He might be injured or...

ACE

Or what?

MEL

He said the Jalfreeth were a psychic race. Maybe his consciousness has left his body.

ACE

And gone where?

CUT TO:

52. INT. ABANDONED FLAT

FX: BUZZ OF THE DRONE, HUM OF THE CONTAINMENT BARRIER.

RUCK

Jan? Are you all right in there?

DOCTOR

I wouldn't get too close if I were you.

RUCK

Why not? She can't touch me. She's safe within that containment thingy-

FX: SUDDENLY, WITH A RAPID SOUND OF DRAINING ENERGY, THE CONTAINMENT SHIELD COLLAPSES.

DRONE

Alert! Alert! Containment shield neutralized!

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Neutralised? That's impossible! Neutralised by what?

DRONE

Psychic discharge, measuring 11.65 on the Vantalla Scale.

RUCK

What does that mean?

DOCTOR

It means Arkallax has turned the containment shield off with his mind.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(SHOUTS) Boost power! Override neutralization!

FX: BEEPS, CHITTERS AS THE DRONE ATTEMPTS TO DO SO.

DRONE

Unable to comply.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(MUTTERS) Useless piece of-

DOCTOR

(INTERRUPTING) Ruck, move back!

RUCK

It's all right, Doctor. Jan's not doing anything. She's just standing there.

DOCTOR

Move back all the same.

RUCK

What do you think she wants?

DOCTOR

I don't think she wants anything. But I think there's a reason why the containment shield-

JAN

(LETS LOOSE A HISSING ATTACK SCREECH AND...)

FX: ...LUNGES AT THE DOCTOR! STRUGGLING SOUNDS, THINGS BEING KNOCKED OVER, BANGED INTO.

DOCTOR

(STRANGLING SOUNDS. JAN HAS HIM ROUND THE THROAT. CONTINUES THROUGH FOLLOWING DIALOGUE)

JAN/ARKALLAX

(A STRANGE AMALGAMATION OF THE TWO VOICES) You are mine, Doctor! Mine!

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(SHOUTING) Droney! Prepare to-

RUCK

(INTERRUPTING) No! Don't hurt Jan!

ISOBEL/ALIEN

She's got the Doctor round the throat, you moron!

RUCK

She hasn't! Whatever's controlling her has!

ISOBEL/ALIEN

She's still strangling the life-

DOCTOR

(A FINAL GARLING CRY, AND THEN...)

FX: HE THUMPS HEAVILY TO THE FLOOR AS JAN RELEASES HIM.

(A BEAT OF SILENCE)

RUCK

She's let him go! (SOOTHINGLY) That's it, Jan. Everything's okay. No need to hurt anybody.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Droney! Stun her!

RUCK

No!

FX: SIZZLING ZAP OF STUN GUN. THUMP OF JAN FALLING TO THE GROUND.

RUCK

(FURIOUS) You didn't have to do that!

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Yeah I did. She was Arkallax's puppet. Droney? Medical analysis of the Doctor!

DRONE

(CHITTERS AND BLEEPS) Analysis indicates-

DOCTOR

(MUTTERS UNINTELLIGIBLY)

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Don't bother, droney! He's coming round!

FX: A THUMP AS SHE FALLS TO HER KNEES BESIDE HIM.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

You all right, Doctor?

DOCTOR

(STILL MUMBLING UNINTELLIGIBLY)

RUCK

What's he saying?

DOCTOR

(HIS VOICE SUDDENLY BECOMES CLEARER) Hungry... Hungry... Hungry...

THEME MUSIC

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

[REPRISE

ISOBEL/ALIEN

You all right, Doctor?

DOCTOR

(STILL MUMBLING UNINTELLIGIBLY)

RUCK

What's he saying?

DOCTOR

(HIS VOICE SUDDENLY BECOMES CLEARER) Hungry... Hungry... Hungry...

END OF REPRISE, SCENE CONTINUES.]

53. INT. ABANDONED FLAT (CONTINUED)

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Ruck, get back! He's been infected!

RUCK

Doctor! Fight it!

DOCTOR

Hungry...

ISOBEL/ALIEN

It's no good, Ruck. He's gone under, just like the rest. He's lost to us.

RUCK

No! Look at his face! He's fighting it! He's coming back to us! That's it, Doctor! That's it!

DOCTOR

(WE DON'T KNOW AT THIS POINT, BUT THIS IS ARKALLAX SPEAKING THROUGH THE DOCTOR) ...Ruck?

RUCK

Yes! It's me! Welcome back, Doctor!

DOCTOR

(STRUGGLING TO SPEAK) I... am...

RUCK

Yes! You're the Doctor! The Doctor! Remember?

DOCTOR

(WITH EFFORT) No... I... am... (SUDDENLY ROARS – AND NOW HIS VOICE IS AN AMALGAMATION OF ARKALLAX'S AND THE DOCTOR'S)

DOCTOR/ARKALLAX

Arkallax!

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(GOBSMACKED) What?

RUCK

No...

DOCTOR/ARKALLAX

(ROARS) Oh, never have I known such a powerful mind! I could tear down the stars! Devour the universe!

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Not on my watch, sunshine! Droney! Neutralise!

FX: HIGH-PITCHED BUZZING WHIRR OF THE DRONE AS IT TAKES TO THE AIR. BUT THEN DRONEY GOES HAYWIRE – THERE'S A CRUNCH OF IMPACT AS HE SMASHES INTO THE WALL, AND HIS HIGH-PITCHED BUZZING WINDS DOWN LIKE A DYING FLY.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Droney! What happened?

DRONE

(WEAK, DAMAGED) Psychic... attack... Motive systems unable to... (VOICE WINDS DOWN TO A SLURRING RUMBLE) compensate...

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(SADLY) Oh, droney.

RUCK

Isobel!

ISOBEL/ALIEN

What?

RUCK

The Doctor's collapsed! Is he...?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

No, he's breathing. (CALLS) Doctor? Can you hear me?

DOCTOR

(WEAKLY) Ace? Is that you?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

No, it's me – 'Isobel'. How you doing? Can you stand?

DOCTOR

(WEAKLY) Battle... of wills... Go... Get out... Save yourselves...

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Not without you, chuck. (BEAT) Doctor? Doctor!

RUCK

What's up?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

He's gone under again. Out cold.

FX: THE BUILDING STARTS TO SHAKE AND RUMBLE. THINGS FALL OVER, MUGS ROLL OFF TABLES AND CRASH TO THE GROUND.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Flamin' Nora! Now what's happening?

THE SOUND OF THE RUMBLING BUILDS, WE CROSS TO ARKALLAX'S FLAT WHERE THE SOUND IS DOUBLED:

54. INT. ARKALLAX'S FLAT (CONT.)

FX: RUMBLING AND SHAKING OF BUILDING.

ACE

(ECHOING ISOBEL/ALIEN) Now what's happening?

MEL

Feels like an earthquake!

ACE

Mel! Look at Arkallax! He's fading away!

MEL

And so is the flat around him! It's reverting back to being an empty shell. Maybe he's dying.

ACE

Or his enemies have caught up with him. Come on, no point hanging around here. We've got to find the Doctor and get out of this dump!

CUT TO:

55. INT. ABANDONED FLAT

FX: RUMBLING AND SHAKING OF THE BUILDING CONTINUES.

JAN

(GROANS) Ruck... Ruck...

RUCK

(OVERJOYED) Jan! You're okay!

JAN

I had a horrible dream.

FX: PARTICULARLY FIERCE RUMBLE. MORE THINGS FALL OVER.

JAN

(BECOMING AWARE OF HER SURROUNDINGS) What's happening?

RUCK

We need to get out of here. Can you stand?

JAN

I think so. (SHE GRUNTS WITH EFFORT AS...)

FX: RUCK HELPS HER TO HER FEET.

JAN

(SEEING THE DOCTOR) Oh! What's wrong with the Doctor?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

He's the reason Arkallax let you go. I reckon he used you as a springboard to get to him. Maybe that's why the Doctor's like he is? Maybe he's shut himself down somehow...

RUCK

So where's Arkallax now?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Locked in mental combat with the Doctor maybe?

RUCK

So why's the building shaking?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Maybe the Doc's got Arkallax on the ropes and Arkallax is trying to break free. Look, just because my intelligence is vastly superior to yours, that doesn't mean I've got all the answers. Sometimes even we advanced species have to wing it, you know.

JAN

Can we get out of here, Ruck?

RUCK

Maybe we should defer to our 'vastly superior' friend here.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Sarky. I suppose we could get out of here... but where would we go?

RUCK

Just away from the building. It sounds like it's going to collapse any minute, and I don't fancy being in here if it does.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

It won't collapse. This is just Arkallax letting off steam.

RUCK

Why do I not feel convinced by that? I mean, it's bad enough having a brain tumour without...

JAN

A brain tumour!

RUCK

It's OK, I know it sounds awful but apparently... (SUDDEN THOUGHT) Oh! I've just realised – Isobel said droney could cure me. But he can't now, can he? Not now he's lying in a dented heap on the ground.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Life's just a vale of tears, isn't it?

CUT TO:

56. INT. MINDSCAPE.

FX: THE TAPPING OF THE DOCTOR'S FOOTSTEPS ECHO ACROSS MARBLE FLOORS AS HE EXPLORES ARKALLAX'S MIND-PALACE. A COLD, SHARP SOUND REDOLENT OF VAST ROOMS, HIGH CEILINGS.

DOCTOR

(CALLING, VOICE ECHOING) Hello?... Anyone home?... Arkallax?... Hello?...

ARKALLAX

(VOICE BOOMING, ECHOING, SEEMING TO COME FROM EVERYWHERE) Ah, Doctor. Welcome to my domain.

DOCTOR

Oh, there you are. Yes, very opulent. Very God-like. Very palatial. Bit impersonal, though. I've always preferred a nice chat over a cup of tea and a currant bun.

ARKALLAX

(VOICE BOOMING, ECHOING) Perhaps this is more to your liking?

FX: SOUND OF TEARING, PEELING, AS ONE REALITY IS LAID OVER ANOTHER. FADE UP SOUNDS OF A CRACKLING FIRE, A TICKING GRANDFATHER CLOCK.

DOCTOR

Ah yes. Much better.

ARKALLAX

Take a seat, please, Doctor. Tea?

DOCTOR

Yes, thank you. Seven sugars.

FX: CHINK OF CHINA TEA THINGS. THE SPLASH OF TEA BEING Poured. THEIR ARMCHAIRS CREAK COMPANIONABLY.

ARKALLAX

Can I interest you in a coconut macaroon?

DOCTOR

No currant buns? (BEAT) How about a custard cream?

ARKALLAX

(TEASING) You can't have it all your own way, Doctor.

DOCTOR

I suppose not. (SIPS TEA) Well, this is all very civilized.

ARKALLAX

Isn't it?

DOCTOR

Yes. You know, in my experience genocidal despots make terrible tea, but you're the exception.

ARKALLAX

Are you trying to goad me, Doctor?

DOCTOR

Merely stating a fact.

ARKALLAX

Facts are so slippery, though, don't you find?
Particularly when it comes to personal definitions?

DOCTOR

So how would you define yourself, if not as a despot?

ARKALLAX

As a survivor.

DOCTOR

One who clings to life whatever the cost?

ARKALLAX

Isn't that what a survivor is?

DOCTOR

Perhaps. But tell me, Arkallax, is it really worth it?

ARKALLAX

I don't follow.

DOCTOR

Oh, I think you do. I think you follow perfectly well. I also think you're in denial.

ARKALLAX

How so?

DOCTOR

Look at yourself. Skulking here in this backwater, the sole survivor of a dead race. No resources, no friends, nowhere to call home... You might as well give it up, Arkallax, call it a day. You can't exist forever on second-hand memories of tea and macaroons.

ARKALLAX

That isn't my intention, Doctor.

DOCTOR

(SIGHS) I was afraid you'd say that.

ARKALLAX

Your mind, Doctor. It's magnificent. It's like nothing I've ever encountered before.

DOCTOR

Well, I do try to keep it in trim.

ARKALLAX

You will be the means to salvation, Doctor. My salvation – and my ultimate triumph!

CUT TO:

57. INT. TOWER BLOCK

FX: RUMBLING CONTINUES.

ACE AND MEL

(BOTH CALLING) Doctor! Doctor!

MEL

This is hopeless. If he was nearby he'd answer us.

ACE

We've got to keep looking.

MEL

So which way? Down or up?

ACE

Down. The way this building's shaking, I'll feel safer the nearer to the ground we get.

MEL

Unless it collapses on top of us.

ACE

That's what I like about you, Mel – your boundless optimism.

FX: THEY PUSH OPEN A FIRE DOOR. THEIR VOICES ECHO IN THE STAIRWELL.

ACE

Doctor! (BEAT) Doctor!

MEL

Ace, is it just me or...

ACE

What?

MEL

Well, remember when we first came here? How dark it was? The Doctor gave us those matches, remember?

ACE

Oh yeah! And now we can see. Just about, anyway. Weird. Where's the light coming from?

MEL

I think... (SHE MAKES AN UNPLEASANT DISCOVERY) Eurgh!

ACE

What is it?

MEL

Look at the walls.

ACE

They're glowing!

MEL

Not only that – they're moving! Breathing!

ACE

And they feel... eugh! Like flesh!

MEL

They're alive, aren't they? This whole building's alive!

CUT TO:

58. INT. MINDSCAPE

FX: CRACKLING FIRE, TICKING GRANDFATHER CLOCK. IN F/G WE HEAR A CREAKING AND SLITHERING OF WOOD AS THIN, VINE-LIKE BRANCHES GROW FROM THE DOCTOR'S CHAIR AND WRAP AROUND HIS ARMS AND BODY, TETHERING AND SECURING HIM.

DOCTOR

Oh! This chair of yours seems to be growing branches. How terribly clever. (RESPONSE TO BEING GRIPPED, NOW STRAINED) And friendly... It doesn't appear to want to let me go.

ARKALLAX

A simple show of strength, Doctor. A reminder that there is no escape for you now.

DOCTOR

Very timely, I'm sure. But what exactly do you want with me, Arkallax?

ARKALLAX

I shall drain the energy from your mind. But not all at once. You are very precious to me, Doctor.

DOCTOR

That's nice to know.

ARKALLAX

Your mind is a vast storehouse of energy, which I shall eke out, as and when I need it. Of course, it will be very unpleasant for you. Your suffering will last millennia.

DOCTOR

That's... less nice to know.

ARKALLAX

You will be instrumental in my new ascendancy, Doctor!

DOCTOR

I'd still rather opt out, if it's all the same to you.

FX: THICK, GLUTINOUS MELTING SOUND

DOCTOR

Your walls appear to be melting, Arkallax. Having trouble clinging to reality, are we?

FX: THE SOUND SLOWS AS THE WALLS THICKEN, HARDEN AGAIN

ARKALLAX

You cannot goad me, Doctor. I'm far more powerful than even you can imagine. What you see here, this form, this reality, is only a fraction of what I am.

DOCTOR

Oh, I know what exactly you are, Arkallax! You're an ailing consciousness hooked up to a defective life support system, that in protecting you has made you its prisoner.

ARKALLAX

But now, with your mind at my disposal, I shall break free of my chains! But before I do so, I shall take pleasure in draining the mental energy from the minds of your companions.

DOCTOR

Why bother? You've got me. You don't need them.

ARKALLAX

Quite right. I don't need them. But why waste a perfectly good resource?

DOCTOR

(LOSING HIS COMPOSURE) No! Leave them alone! Arkallax! I'm warning you...

CUT TO:

59. INT. ABANDONED FLAT

(FX: FADE UP RUMBLE)

RUCK

(BLEAKLY) We're all doomed.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

I thought you lot were supposed to have stiff upper lips? And something called the Dunkirk spirit.

JAN

What do you think we should do?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Fight! If we're gonna go out, let's go out swinging. We need to find Arkallax. The core of him, at least.

RUCK

The core? What's that?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

He's a creature of consciousness. To interface with the physical world he needs a technological conduit. So let's find his technology and destroy it. It won't kill him but it'll cut him loose from this plane.

RUCK

What's the point of that? He'll still be free!

ISOBEL/ALIEN

If all had gone to plan, we'd have destroyed his technology, then droney would have been able to trap him in... well, for the sake of argument let's call it a ghost trap.

RUCK

Is there no way of repairing droney?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

He's self-repairing. But at the moment he's too badly damaged to let me know how badly damaged he is – so who knows how long it'll take?

RUCK

So in the meantime we find Arkallax's technology?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Bingo.

JAN

How?

RUCK

Yeah, what does this technology look like?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

It'll be small, mobile, semi-sentient. Under ordinary circumstances it would have disguised itself to blend into its surroundings, but it's defective, and has a limited amount of energy, so I reckon it'll be in its raw state to preserve fuel.

RUCK

And what is its raw state?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Half a dozen small, hovering discs.

JAN

Hovering?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Like a cloud of insects. Shimmering white, almost translucent. And they'll be surrounding what's left of Arkallax like bodyguards around Beyonce.

RUCK

Can't say I've seen anything like that.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Well, they won't be buzzing around like a swarm of wasps. They'll be tucked away, somewhere dark and quiet, pulling the strings from afar. And while they're protecting Arkallax, they'll also be protecting themselves.

JAN

How?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Normally they'd set up an energy barrier. But their juice is low, so...

RUCK

The Others!

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Go on.

RUCK

Most of the Others congregate in the maintenance areas in the basement, where the boiler is. I thought they just went down there to keep warm, but maybe it isn't that. Maybe they're protecting Arkallax.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Sounds feasible. Let's check it out!

RUCK

What about the Doctor?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Well, unless you're prepared to carry him on your back, we'll have to leave him. He's probably safer here anyway. I'll take droney, though. (GRUNTS AS...)

(FX: SHE PICKS HIM UP (VAGUE METALLIC NOISES))

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Right, let's do this!

MUSIC: THRILLING SEGUE.

FX: NO FADE TO SILENCE, LET'S KEEP THE PACE GOING, USING THE RUMBLING SOUNDS AND THE MUSIC TO CROSS BACK TO ACE AND MEL.

60. INT. TOWER BLOCK STAIRWELL

FX: RUMBLING, ALBEIT WITH A MORE ECHOEY QUALITY TO DENOTE THE OPEN SPACES OF THE STAIRWELL. UNDERLYING THIS IS A DEEP, SLOW GROWL OF RESPIRATION, LIKE THAT OF A SLEEPING BEAST.

NB: MEL AND ACE SPEAK QUIETLY THROUGHOUT.

MEL

Do you think it knows we're here?

ACE

What?

MEL

The building. Or whatever this thing is. Do you think it knows we're walking around inside it?

ACE

I dunno, do I? Best not to... (HEARS SOMETHING) Listen.

THE OTHERS

(VOICES ECHOING UP THE STAIRWELL) Hungry... Hungry... Hungry...

MEL

Oh no, not again! Where now?

ACE

Don't exactly have much choice, do we? Up! Come on!

FX: FEET SLAPPING RAPIDLY ON THE STAIRS AS THEY HURRY UPWARDS, THE IMPACT OF THEIR FOOTSTEPS A LITTLE WETTER, MORE ORGANIC THAN BEFORE.

MEL

Eurgh! These walls, these stairs, they're becoming more... flesh like.

ACE

Just keep going.

MEL

Ace, wait!

ACE

What is it?

MEL

Listen. Those... 'hunting units' aren't just below us. They're above us as well.

(SURE ENOUGH, THE VOICES OF THE OTHERS ARE COMING FROM BOTH ABOVE AND BELOW)

ACE

(IRONY) Great! (THINKS QUICKLY) Maybe we can hide in one of the flats. Wait till the zomboids go past, then sneak out behind them.

FX: THE WHIRR OF THE LIFT RISING.

MEL

Listen! The lift!

ACE

I'm not getting in that thing again!

MEL

That's not what I'm suggesting.

FX: A 'PING' AS THE LIFT STOPS. THEN THE DOORS SLIDE OPEN...

ARKALLAX: (VOICE BOOMING, GODLIKE, COMING FROM THE LIFT) Step inside! Let me taste you!

MEL

(SCREAMS) Ace!

ACE

Oh my God! It's got teeth!

MEL

And a tongue! The whole lift's giant mouth!

ARKALLAX

(VOICE BOOMING) There is no escape for you! What a delicious snack you'll make!

FX: THE TONGUE LASHES OUT AT THEM WITH A HORRIBLE SLURPING SOUND)

MEL

(SCREAMS)

ARKALLAX

(BOOMING LAUGHTER. THEN...)

FX: CREAK OF AN INTERNAL FIRE DOOR OPENING, ALBEIT WITH AN ADDED MEATY SQUELCH THIS TIME.

RUCK

(AS HE EMERGES FROM THE CORRIDOR BEYOND AND SEES THE TONGUE) What the hell?!

ACE

Who are you?

RUCK

I'm Ruck. And you're the Doctor's friends!

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(IN THE CORRIDOR BEHIND RUCK) What's the hold-up?

ARKALLAX

(BOOMING LAUGHTER.) Hungry!

FX: ANOTHER SLURPING ATTACK BY THE TONGUE

ACE

(YELLING) Mel, duck!

RUCK

(URGENTLY TO ISOBEL/ALIEN) Change of plan! Go back! Back!
(TO MEL AND ACE) This way! Quick!

THE OTHERS

(GETTING CLOSER...) Hungry... Hungry... Hungry...

ACE

Come on, Mel!

FX: THEY RUN THROUGH THE FIRE DOOR, WHICH SQUELCHES SHUT BEHIND THEM, CUTTING OFF THE VOICES OF THE OTHERS.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

61. INT. ABANDONED FLAT

FX: DOOR FLIES OPEN

RUCK

Come on! Inside!

FX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS: MEL, ACE, JAN, ISOBEL/ALIEN

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(HALFWAY THROUGH A BREATHLESS EXPLANATION) ...dunno what he told you, but he was lying. He's the bad guy here. He destroyed my planet. I'm here to bring him to justice.

MEL:

Don't worry, we believe you!

FX: THEY ALL RUN INSIDE, RUCK PULLS THE DOOR SHUT AND LOCKS IT – BUT THERE'S A SQUELCHINESS TO THE SOUNDS

ACE

(SHOUTS AS SHE SPOTS HIM) Doctor!

(FX: SHE RUNS ACROSS, THROWS HERSELF TO HER KNEES BESIDE HIM)

ACE

What's up with him?

RUCK

It was Arkallax. He attacked the Doctor using Jan as a... sort of puppet. Isobel thinks the Doctor put himself into a coma to stop Arkallax taking over his body. That the two of them are fighting somehow. The Doctor said something about a 'battle of wills' before he went under.

ACE

That sounds like the Doctor. So... what's the next move?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

We need to get to the basement – but Arkallax has jammed the stairwell with his undead chums.

RUCK

We don't need the stairwell. There's more than one way out of here.

CUT TO:

62. INT. MINDSCAPE

(FX: CRACKLING FIRE, TICKING GRANDFATHER CLOCK.)

ARKALLAX

Look into the flames, Doctor. Tell me what you see.

DOCTOR

Another of your ridiculous games?

ARKALLAX

Look or don't look. It makes no odds to me.

(FX: FADE UP CRACKLING FIRE)

DOCTOR

I see... people. Climbing. No... descending... Ace?

ARKALLAX

How puny your friends look, Doctor. How easy it would be to cut the thread, bring them all crashing to earth.

DOCTOR

They're just trying to reach safety. Leave them be, and when the reckoning comes I promise I'll show you mercy.

ARKALLAX

You? Show me mercy? Oh, Doctor. (HE LAUGHS)

DOCTOR

No, Arkallax!

CUT TO:

63. EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE TOWER BLOCK

FX: THIS HIGH UP, WIND WHISTLES AND HOWLS. BELOW THIS THE BUILDING STILL RUMBLES AND SHAKES.

(NB: THEY ALL SHOUT TO MAKE THEMSELVES HEARD ABOVE THE WIND)

JAN

(SCREAMS) This rope ladder is swinging about like crazy!

RUCK

(BELOW HER, SHOUTING UP) It's quite safe! Just hold on tight and take your time. Only another couple of floors down, then you'll come to an open window..

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(EVEN LOWER DOWN) She thinks she's got problems. She wants to try climbing down and carrying a drone at the same time.

RUCK

Not helping, Isobel.

FX: A WET, RIPPING, FLESH-TRANSFORMING SOUND AS THE BUILDING SHAPE-SHIFTS, HUGE HANDS SLIDING OUT FROM THE BRICKS AND MORTAR.

MEL:

Ace! Above you! The walls! They're changing shape!

ACE

(YELLS) They're turning into hands!

RUCK:

They're going to grab the rope ladder!

JAN

(SCREAMS)

ARKALLAX

(VOICE BOOMING, GRATING) Did you think you could outwit *me*?

ACE

Hurry up! We need to get off this ladder now!

CUT TO:

64. INT. ABANDONED FIRST FLOOR FLAT (CONT.)

FX: SOUND OF MEL STRUGGLING OVER WINDOWSILL INTO FLAT, FROM OUTSIDE WE CAN HEAR THE SOUND OF THE SWINGING ROPE LADDER, THE WAVING GIANT HANDS.

MEL

(GRUNTING WITH EFFORT) Okay, I'm inside. Pass me the drone, Isobel.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Here you go. (GRUNTS AS SHE CLIMBS IN) Ruck?

RUCK

Yeah, I'm here. (HE TOO CLIMBS IN) Jan's still about fifteen feet above me. She's finding it a bit hard going.

MEL

Ace is just behind her. (SHOUTING TO THEM) Quickly you two!

CROSS BACK TO OUTSIDE

65. EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE TOWER BLOCK (CONT.)

FX. THE ROPE LADDER SHAKING VIOLENTLY.

JAN

(SCREAMS)

ACE

(YELLING) Whoa! Hold on Jan! Hold on! We just need to-

ARKALLAX: (BOOMING VOICE)

Pathetic things, climbing across me like fleas. I rid myself of you.

FX: THE ROPE LADDER SNAPS AS ARKALLAX'S HUGE BRICK HANDS YANK IT FREE.

JAN (FALLING)

(SCREAMING)

ACE (FALLING)

(YELLING IN ANGER, FEAR, DEFIANCE)

ARKALLAX

(BOOMING, MANIACAL LAUGHTER)

DOCTOR

(VOICE BOOMING, FILLING THE AIR) No! I will not allow it!

FX: AND SUDDENLY THERE'S ANOTHER SLIDING, TEARING, FLESH-TRANSFORMING SOUND, FOLLOWED BY A SOFT, FLESHY 'FLUMPH' AS BOTH GIRLS LAND ON A SOFT SURFACE, LIKE A HUGE, THICK MATTRESS

ACE/JAN

(BOTH 'OOF' AS THEIR FALL IS BROKEN)

ACE

We're alive!

JAN

What happened? Where did this... mattress thing come from?

ACE

It's the Doctor! Must have been! He's fighting back!
(YELLS) Go on, Doctor! Punch his lights out!

66. INT. ABANDONED FIRST FLOOR FLAT**RUCK**

They're safe. Thank God! But what was that fleshy mattress thing? It just seemed to ooze up out of the ground.

MEL

It can only have been the Doctor. (SHOUTING DOWN) Are you alright?

ACE: (FAR BELOW)

Fine! Keep going we'll catch you up!

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Come on, you two! Basement!

CUT TO:

67. INT. MINDSCAPE

FX: CRACKLING FIRE, TICKING GRANDFATHER CLOCK.

ARKALLAX

(FURIOUS) What did you do, Doctor?

DOCTOR

You're not the only one with influence around here, Arkallax. My mind is rather powerful, remember?

ARKALLAX

(FURIOUS) No! You shall not defy me, Doctor! I hold dominion over you!

FX: METALLIC CREAKING, GRINDING, TEARING SOUNDS AS THE DOCTOR'S COSY SURROUNDINGS TRANSFORM INTO A PRISON CELL. WE HEAR THE CLANK OF HEAVY CHAINS WRAPPING THEMSELVES ROUND AND ROUND HIS BODY.

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS) Steel bars and heavy chains. I thought it was all a bit comfortable around here. (WITH A SMILE AND A GENTLE THREAT) Does this make you feel safer?

ARKALLAX

(ROARS) You are my prisoner, Doctor! And I can make your incarceration here as comfortable or as excruciating as I choose!

CUT TO:

68. EXT. OUTSIDE THE TOWER BLOCK

FX: ACE AND JAN'S RUNNING FOOTSTEPS.

ACE

Come on, Jan! Hurry! We have to get back in and help the others!

JAN

(PANTING) Hang on...

(FX: WITH A SLIDING METALLIC CRASH, STEEL SHUTTERS SLAM DOWN OVER THE GROUND FLOOR DOORS AND WINDOWS, ONE BY ONE, DENYING THEM ACCESS)

ACE

No! No! Shutters everywhere! Arkallax has turned the place into Fort Knox! He won't let us back in!

JAN

What do we do now?

ACE

Not much we can do. We're stuck outside, and Mel, Ruck and Isobel are inside. We just have to hope they can get the job done.

CUT TO:

69. INT. TOWER BLOCK BASEMENT/MAINTENANCE AREA

FX: THE DRIPPING PLINK OF WATER; THE (B/G) 'BREATHING' AND 'RUMBLING' OF THE BUILDING; FOOTSTEPS CRACKLE AND ECHO. A DOOR OPENS WITH A CREAK.

(NB: THEY ALL SPEAK IN LOW VOICES)

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Oh, well done, Ruck. If I'd known you were going to announce our presence I'd have brought a trumpet.

RUCK

Not my fault the door creaks, is it?

MEL

Shush, you two.

(PAUSE, FILLED ONLY WITH (FX) THE STEADY DRIP OF WATER AND THE OTHER BACKGROUND NOISES)

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Sounds like no one's home.

RUCK

Which way? This place is like a rabbit warren.

MEL

Dark too. Although...

RUCK

What?

MEL

Is there a glow of light coming from that left-hand turning up ahead?

RUCK

Yeah, there is.

MEL

Then let's go that way.

(FX: CAUTIOUS FOOTSTEPS, THE GROUND WET AND GRITTY UNDERFOOT)

MEL

(WHISPERING) The light's coming from just around the corner... Whatever it is, it's bright enough to...
(GASPS)

RUCK

What is it? (SEES) Oh.

MEL

Is that them Isobel? The discs you talked about?

(PAUSE AS THEY ALL LOOK)

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Yep. That's them, all right.

RUCK

What's that shimmering thing in the centre?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

That's Arkallax. What's left of him.

MEL

So how do we destroy the discs?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

If droney was powered up, he'd reduce 'em to scrap in no time. Without him—

FX: SHE'S INTERRUPTED BY THE SUDDEN ALARMING CREAK OF METAL UNDER STRAIN)

MEL

What's that?

RUCK

The pipes above us.

FX: MORE CREAKS, ACCOMPANIED BY A SENSE OF MOVEMENT, OF WRITHING.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

We've got trouble.

MEL

The pipes! They're moving!

FX: THE PIPES COME ALIVE WITH A SPLINTERING, METALLIC CREAKING AND CRACKING AND WRITHE AROUND THE THREE OF THEM LIKE SNAKES.

(THEY'RE LINES CROSSING OVER A LITTLE, FAST RESPONSES)

RUCK

They're winding around me! I can't... get away!

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Gerroff! (CRIES OUT IN PAIN)

MEL

(BREATH BEING SQUEEZED OUT OF HER) They're crushing me!

USING THE CREAKING SOUND, WE CROSS TO THE MINDSCAPE.

70. INT. MINDSCAPE (CONT.)

FX. THE SOUND OF THE CREAKING PIPES MORE MUTED IN THIS DREAM PLACE. ARKALLAX AND THE DOCTOR OBSERVING.

ARKALLAX

(LAUGHING) You see, Doctor? You see how I crush the life from your young friends?

DOCTOR

(COLD, MEASURED) I. Think. Not.

FX. THE CHAINS EXPLODE!

CROSS BACK.

71. INT. TOWER BLOCK BASEMENT/MAINTENANCE AREA (CONT.)

FX: THE METALLIC WRITHING OF THE PIPES.

MEL, RUCK, ISOBEL/ALIEN

(CRIES OF PAIN BEING FORCED FROM THEIR BODIES AS THE METAL PIPES TIGHTEN AROUND THEM)

(THEN...)

FX. A TREMENDOUS SQUEALING AS THE PIPES RELEASE THEM, VIOLENTLY YANKED AWAY BY THE POWER OF THE DOCTOR'S MIND. MEL, ISOBEL AND RUCK FALL TO THE GROUND.

MEL

They let us go!

RUCK

But why?

MEL

It must be the Doctor again!

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Look! The shimmering area at the centre of the discs! That's not Arkallax, it's—

MEL

(INTERRUPTING) The Doctor! (CALLS) Doctor, it's me, Mel!

ISOBEL/ALIEN

I don't think he can hear you. It's just a projection.

DOCTOR

(ECHOING, GHOSTLY) Get out, all of you! Get out now!

MEL

But we can't just leave you!

DOCTOR

(ECHOING, GHOSTLY BUT BOOMING) Get out! Get out! Get out!

FX: RUMBLE OF BUILDING INCREASES OMINOUSLY

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Come on, he knows what he's doing! Leg it!

CUT TO:

72. EXT. OUTSIDE THE TOWER BLOCK

FX: SHAKING AND RUMBLING OF THE TOWER BLOCK IS BECOMING MORE PRONOUNCED NOW.

JAN

What's happening?

ACE

I don't know – but it's not good!

FX: THE BUILDING STARTS TO SHAKE ITSELF APART, BITS FALLING OFF. A VAST GRINDING GROAN, AS IF THE BUILDING IS IN PAIN.

JAN

(YELLING) Look out, Ace!

FX: A HUGE CRASH AS A PARTICULARLY LARGE BIT SMASHES TO THE GROUND.

ACE

(GASPS) Blimey, that was close!

JAN

The building wants to crush us!

ACE

I don't think it has any say in what's happening right now, move back!

FX: THEIR CRUNCHING FOOTSTEPS AS THEY MOVE BACK, THE BUILDING STILL RUMBLING AND SHAKING.

JAN

The building looks... in pain, doesn't it? It's kind of... twisting and shimmering.

ACE

I hope the pain is Arkallax's and not the Doctor's.

JAN

(EXCLAIMS) Ace!

ACE

What?

JAN

Where's that light coming from? It's... Look at the sky!

ACE

It's daylight! Ripping through the darkness! The barrier's breaking up!

JAN

What does that mean?

ACE

I dunno. Hopefully that the (Doctor's)-

FX: SHE'S INTERRUPTED BY A CREAKING, GRINDING, SLIDING SOUND, LOUD AND TORTUOUS.

ACE

The main doors are opening!

JAN

Ruck!

ACE

And Mel! And Isobel! (YELLS) Hey you lot, over here!

USING THE RUMBLING AS A SEGUE (NO CUTS, THEY WOULD KILL THE PACE) WE CROSS TO:

73. INT. TOWER BLOCK STAIRCASE (CONT.)

FX: THE BUILDING IS SHAKING, RUMBLING, FALLING APART,
DEBRIS TUMBLING AND SMASHING

THE OTHERS

Hungry... Hungry... Hungry... (GRADUALLY SEGUES TO...) Free...
Free... Free...

DOCTOR

(VOICE BOOMING THROUGH THE STAIRWELL, GOD-LIKE BUT FULL
OF REGRET) I'm so sorry. If only I could have saved you
too...

FX: THE RUMBLING RISES TO A SHATTERING CRESCENDO... AND
AGAIN WE CROSS TO:

74. EXT. OUTSIDE THE TOWER BLOCK (CONT.)

FX: THE RUMBLING OF THE BUILDING AND THE EXPLOSIVE SMASHING OF DEBRIS.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Cover your heads, guys! She's gonna blow!

FX: FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE COLLAPSING BUILDING COMES A RISING, STRANGELY HUMAN SCREECH, WHICH BECOMES...

ARKALLAX

(HIS ROARING, DEFIANT VOICE CRACKING, GRATING, SHATTERING, PART OF THE DESTRUCTION) No! This cannot be! I will have my (victory!)

FX: BUT ON THIS HOWL OF A LAST WORD, THE BUILDING COLLAPSES, BURSTS APART, RUBBLE RAINING DOWN...

ACE, MEL, RUCK, JAN and ISOBEL/ALIEN

(COUGHING AND CHOKING, ENVELOPED BY CLOUDS OF DUST)

MEL

Everyone okay?

RUCK

Think so...

MEL

Ace?

ACE

Yeah, I'm fine... But what about the Doctor?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

He was a brave bloke, your friend. Sacrificing himself like that.

ACE

He's not dead. He can't be.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Sorry, Ace. But he was right in the middle of that lot. No one could have survived.

ACE

The Doctor could. I know it.

RUCK

The dust's clearing... Hey, look at the sky!

JAN

I know! It's daylight! Real daylight!

ACE

Come on, Mel.

MEL

Where?

ACE

We've got to find the Doctor.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Ace, be reasonable. You'll never find him under all that rubble. He may be a hero, but he's not (immortal)-

DOCTOR

(INTERRUPTING; VOICE DRIFTING FROM THE DUST CLOUD) Hello there!

RUCK

No way! It can't be!

ACE

(LAUGHING) Oh, yes it can! (SHOUTS) Doctor!

DOCTOR

(GETTING CLOSER) Ace? Is that you?

ACE

Yes! Mel's here too!

MEL

Where are you, Doctor? We can't see you. Too much dust.

JAN

There he is!

MEL

Doctor! We see you!

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Unbelievable! So you are immortal, after all?

DOCTOR

(EMERGING FROM THE DUST CLOUD) Hardly. Hello everyone.

ACE

Doctor! It's so good to see you!

FX: SHE HUGS HIM.

DOCTOR

(GASPS) Don't hug me too tightly. You'll bend my umbrella.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

How did you get out? It's impossible!

DOCTOR

Arkallax isn't the only one who can manipulate mental energy. Once I gained access to his inner sanctum and got the hang of his psychic frequencies it was easy.

RUCK

Any chance you could explain it in simpler terms for us thickos, Doctor?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Or even for us non-thickos.

DOCTOR

I simply took control of Arkallax's technology and shifted the focus of the barrier, drawing it in and creating a tunnel around myself so that I could escape. Arkallax thought I was his prisoner, but I was just playing along. Rather naughty of me really.

ACE

So where's Arkallax now?

RUCK

Dead, with any luck.

DOCTOR

Oh, I do hope not. Arkallax is a monster, in the truest sense of the word. He's destroyed lives – worlds even – as though they meant nothing. But destroying him in turn isn't the answer.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

So if he's not dead, where is he?

DOCTOR

He'll be somewhere about. Floating aimlessly. He's certainly beyond causing trouble for the time being. I think if you put your drone on to the case, Isobel, you won't have much trouble tracking him down.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Well, I would, Doctor. But droney's still kaput. It may be a while yet before he's back to firing on all cylinders.

DOCTOR

Let me see...

FX. HE TAKES THE DRONE AND STARTS MANIPULATING BUTTONS.

DOCTOR:

Ah, yes. If I just do... this!

FX: BLEEPS, CLICKS AND WHIRRS AS 'DRONEY' GETS BACK ONLINE IN DOUBLE-QUICK TIME. HE GOES INTO HOVER MODE, BUZZING AS BEFORE.

DRONE

Status report. All systems one hundred per cent efficient.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

What did you do? No, never mind, don't tell me. I'll only feel an idiot for not thinking of it myself.

DOCTOR

Yes, you probably will. (SUDDENLY BRISK) Right, well, we'd better be off. Ace, Mel, are you ready?

MEL

As ever, Doctor.

ACE

Definitely. Can't wait to get away from this dump. No offence, guys.

RUCK

None taken.

JAN

I don't think we'll be hanging around much longer here ourselves.

DOCTOR

Splendid. (TO ISOBEL, DARK) Make sure the woman you stole this body off is all right. Am I understood?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Yeah, yeah...

DOCTOR:

(CHIRPY) Well goodbye everyone!

FX: HE WALKS OFF, FOOTSTEPS FADING IN THE RUBBLE.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Doesn't hang around, does he?

ACE

Never. And neither should we if we don't want him to go without us. Cheers, everyone!

FX. ACE RUNS OFF AFTER THE DOCTOR.

ACE

(VOICE FADING AS SHE CALLS) Wait up, Doctor!

MEL

Goodbye.

RUCK, JAN and ISOBEL

(VARIOUS 'BYES' AND 'SEE YAS')

FX: MEL WALKS OFF FOLLOWING ACE AND THE DOCTOR. WE FOLLOW.

PASSER-BY

(COUGHS) Ms Bush.

FX. MEL STOPS.

MEL

Where did you spring from? Hang on, how do you know my name for that—

PASSER-BY

My agency can find anyone, anywhere. That's why your debtor employed us, Ms Bush. It's time.

MEL

(STEEL) I won't do it.

PASSER-BY

You know the alternative. For all of you. There's no choice. Pay off the debt or die. (WITH A SHRUG) I'm just a messenger, up to you. I get paid either way. But here's a datastick with the co-ordinates and... a little device you may find useful. If you want to live, you'll use them.

CUT TO:

75. EXT. OUTSIDE THE TOWER BLOCK (CONT)

FX: BUZZ OF THE DRONE.

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Right, well, I'm off to excavate the ruins. Come on, droney.

FX: SHE CRUNCHES OFF. THE PITCH OF THE DRONE CHANGES AS IT BUZZES AFTER HER.

RUCK

Hang on!

ISOBEL/ALIEN

What?

RUCK

I was just wondering...

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Yeah? Spit it out. I haven't got all day.

RUCK

Well... whether droney could still... cure me?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Flamin' heck, you're not still banging on about that daft little brain tumour, are you? Droney, sort him out, would you?

FX: THE PITCH OF THE DRONE CHANGES AS IT BUZZES TOWARDS RUCK. IT CLICKS AND BLEEPES.

RUCK

(NERVOUS) Er... do I need to lie down or anything?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

(LAUGHS) Tell him, droney.

DRONE

Anomalous matter eradicated. Status of patient: complete remission. Possibility of disease reoccurring: 0.02%

RUCK

You mean... I'm cured? Easy as that?

ISOBEL/ALIEN

You tell me. How do you feel?

RUCK

Great! Headache's completely gone! I feel... fantastic!

ISOBEL/ALIEN

Magic! Well I've got work to do. See ya, puny earthlings.

RUCK

See ya!

JAN

Bye!

FX: CRUNCH OF ISOBEL/ALIEN'S FOOTSTEPS AS SHE TRUDGES OFF, ACCOMPANIED BY THE HIGH-PITCHED BUZZ OF DRONEY, BOTH SOUNDS FADING INTO THE DISTANCE.

JAN

So what do we do now?

(**FX:** THE FAINT B/G JINGLE OF AN ICE CREAM VAN)

RUCK

Guess we'd better find somewhere else to live. But first...

JAN

Yeah?

RUCK

Fancy an ice cream?

[THE FOLLOWING TWO SCENES WILL BE RECORDED DURING THE SESSIONS FOR THE NEXT STORY.]

1. INT. TARDIS.

FX. TARDIS ATMOS, THE DOCTOR TINKERING WITH THE CONTROLS.

ACE:

Nothing stops you, does it professor? Drop a tower block on you and you barely break a sweat. (BEAT) Hang on, do Time Lords sweat?

DOCTOR

I'm going to ignore that question.

FX. MEL ENTERS.

ACE:

Here she is, I thought you'd got lost.

MEL:

(LOW, GUILTY) Not exactly.

FX. SHE WALKS TO THE CONSOLE AND CLOSES THE DOORS BEHIND HER.

MEL:

(SIGHS) I'm sorry about this. I really am.

FX. SHE OPENS A SMALL BOX, REMOVING EARPLUGS AND THEN INSERTING THEM INTO HER EARS.

ACE:

(LAUGHS) You're putting earplugs in? I know the professor goes on sometimes but...

MEL:

I'm afraid I have no choice. They want the TARDIS and... And I have to give it to them.

FX. MEL ACTIVATES A DEVICE THAT EMITS A SUDDEN, PIERCING SOUNDWAVE. BOTH ACE AND THE DOCTOR SPEAK AT THE SAME TIME.

DOCTOR:

(PITCHED UP) Mel! No! (COLLAPSES WITH A GROAN)

ACE:

(PITCHED UP) What are you doing?! (COLLAPSES WITH A GROAN)

FX. BOTH ACE AND THE DOCTOR FALL TO THE FLOOR. THE NOISE STOPS.

MEL:

(QUIET) I'm so sorry.

FX. SHE MOVES TO THE CONSOLE AND STARTS ENTERING CO-ORDINATES. THE TARDIS DEMATERIALIZES.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

2. INT. STATION HANGAR.

FX. A LARGE SPACE STATION HANGAR. THE SOUND OF HEAVY ROBOT FEET, HUGE SOLDIER DROIDS, ALL HYDRAULICS AND CRASHING METAL BOOTS, MARCHING INTO THE SPACE. THE TARDIS LANDS. THE DOOR OPENS. MEL STEPS OUT.

MEL:

There. I've done my job. The TARDIS is yours.

SOLDIER ROBOT:

Claimed in the name of the president of the solar system.

FX. THE SOLDIER ROBOTS SALUTE WITH A CRASHING OF HYDRAULIC LIMBS.

SOLDIER ROBOT WILDTRACK:

To the glory of President Dogbolter!

MUSIC: CRASH IN TITLES.